

A vintage magazine cover for 'MAN Junior'. The background is a solid yellow. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red Santa hat with a white pom-pom and a yellow and black tiger-print strapless bikini, is reclining and smiling. The magazine title 'MAN Junior' is printed in large blue letters, with 'MAN' in a bold, blocky font and 'Junior' in a script font. The price '2/-' is in the top right corner. The date 'AUGUST, 1957' is in the middle right. At the bottom right, there is a small line of text about postal registration.

2/-

# MAN *Junior*

AUGUST, 1957

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# MAN Junior



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# Dead

By FRANK SARAO • FICTION

*Jeff had it all figured. He would prove the girl's innocence, then marry her sister and all the money which went with her.*

THE warm, slow wind carried the scent of roses. Small waves washed onto the moonlit beach. The dark shapes of moored yachts and cruisers swung in the tide. And Mr. Amiel whispered, "A burglar is a burglar, Jeffrey." He asked Mr. Amiel about hundreds of pounds. That weakness for treasure.

"New that I'm down here —" he said.

"The water is warm. Are you afraid of sharks?"

There were no words for what he was afraid of. It was useless talking. He could do it, or back out.

"Good luck, Jeffrey," Mr. Amiel whispered. "I am waiting here for you."

Jeff walked into the water and remembered when it was knee deep. He aimed a hand at the largest and most distant cruiser, and began to swim in a quiet sidestroke, avoiding the tidal eddies of sludge and small debris. Every fifty yards or so, he stopped and listened, tried to pick out details on the boats, always expecting a cough, a movement, a challenge.

He swam like he would have swum in a pool. This night gliding was not his cup of coffee at all. But in another way he owed Amiel a good deal more money than a scholar should have to think of taking from estates in his trust.

Nothing disturbed his movement towards the cruiser. He passed between two boats and swam around the stern of another. The slat of water against the hulls was slower than his own sidestroke motion. A fish jumped quite close, and Jeff saw white motion, a whole batch of them, flustering over the surface of the water. It was hard to imagine how they had got out there, or what they expected to

find. They were set-ups for the fish.

Jeff was expected to find an automatic, St. Sahire, somewhere aboard the cruiser Amiel had indicated. This was the secret sum of his information, and he had no idea of what he might be finding. He was as silly as the media.

Then he was swimming around the big cruiser, gripping her stern railing, and then he was aboard.

This was the delicate part, Amiel had given him no guarantee that she would be deserted. He would have to force the main door, then search for the gun. His equipment for this was one small red-lensed torch.

Jeff put his shoulder to the door and gripped the handle and began the pressure. At least he was big, with muscle enough for this job. The door burst open with a creak. He stood in the darkness while the sound spread and echoed, no other sound returned across the water.

He stepped inside and felt carpet under his foot. Lift it with his hands and found it was a sort of mat. He used it to wedge the door shut. Then he flicked the torch on, and waited for his eyes to adjust to the dim red light.

He went into the saloon. There were two padded chairs, a divan, and a small table bolted to the floor. He examined the floor, felt the chairs' rubber padding, and lifted the legs from on the divan and tipped it over.

Further in were two staterooms, one fully and one functional. The feminine one had two bunks, he noticed. He went over to the man's and moved around the walls. The room contained a bunk, a built-in wardrobe, a chair and a desk. The gun lay on the deep-piled carpet under the desk.

Jeff opened the desk drawer and found a framed photograph of a girl. Allowing for the red light, she would be a blonde, he thought, and in any light she would be coldly and severely beautiful. In one corner was handwritten, "To Chris."

Chris, he found, looking through the papers in the drawer, was Chris Marson. He closed the drawer and took the torch around the walls again, but there were no bullet marks. He unscrewed the lens and raked a white light close to the door. It took time, but he found an area of carpet that had been lightly and carefully clipped. For a spattering of blood, that would have been much better than wading.

That someone had then forgotten the gun was not even a bit likely.

He had not been asked to detect. Just to wrap the gun in the champagne Amiel had given him and bring it ashore. This act was worth all that money to Amiel. Jeff's not to wonder.

He went out to the deck and heard someone swimming a fast, hard-beating crawl. It was close. Panic gripped him. And he saw a small red light glowing on the roof of the wheel-house. This was the alarm. This was it.

The water took Jeff's legs in cool embrace. The rest of him slid in and sank. When his touched bottom, deep down, he bristled out and started in what he hoped was the right direction. A minute was poured out in pulsing blood, and then he had to come up, breaking the surface with an audible splash. He gasped air and went down again.

Jeff took the gun from his pocket and tossed it on Marie's lap.

# fool



On second rise, he shook the water from his face and looked back. The cruiser was lighted, then in sudden darkness, he heard someone dive from her, but the water did not swim. Jeff knew he was no match for this one.

He was a slow, enduring swimmer, and the gun hampered him. He had a small lead, but not much hope of reaching the shore first. If it came to a fight in the water, he had the gun for a club.

But Jeff was no man to club a woman.

She swam too fast, attempting to catch him in the water, but had tired over the last hundred yards. He came to his feet in waist-deep water, and dived to shallower and started to wade. She was close behind him then, gasping, "Stop. Please!"

Jeff stopped. He turned to face her in the shallows close to the beach. And from shadow where, Anna called, "Bring it in, damn you."

"Please, give me the pistol!" she said. In the moonlight, even so in the red light of his torch on the photograph, she was blonde

Jeff asked her, "Car?" She nodded towards the road behind the beach. "Follow me, and keep on if it there's a struggle." He saw doubt, or imagined it. Her face remained a calm, beautiful mask, incapable of passion or emotion. "Trust me," he said.

Anna said, "The rules it two hundred."

And she said, "I've never trusted anyone since —" but could not finish whatever she started to say to him.

Jeff turned and walked up onto the beach. Anna had, "Five hundred, Jeffery."

"No ask."

"She'll drive you mad, Jeffery. That's a hollow woman. They're all mad, the Martons."

Jeff began to dislike Mr. Anna. The gun took shape under the pressure of his fingers. He had never struck a man.

"This is happening because you're a gambler," Anna reasoned with him. "Win possible loss for the money than the challenge. But if you are her like that, you'll end on a high chair."

Jeff said, "There's no deal. What

"I'm sorry I'll be grateful for your help, as a friend. Where are your clothes?" He told her, in Anna's locked car. "It doesn't matter. Father has stairs."

Jeff knew all about her father. He knew father had stairs. He was not forgetting it for one moment.

She drove the big quad car expertly through a lane and around a curving road, swinging off it into a drive that ended in front of one of the estate's mansions. Two small floodlights illuminated the wide stone veranda and its pillars. The front door was open. He saw someone moving in the long hall.

Jeff got out of the car, a sucker for all this atmosphere, feeling awkward in swimming trunks. The girl said, "I'm Martha. I suppose you know that, I don't know your name."

"Jeff Cross." His voice sounded loud and harsh in the stillness.

"Jeff," she repeated. "Come in, then." She led him to a door off one end of the veranda. They walked into darkness together and he checked his impulses, playing it straight. Jeff the good friend. When she switched on the lights and looked at him, he sensed that he had passed some kind of test.

"What here, Jeff," she said. "I'll fetch you some clothes."

He was in a place that seemed unable to decide whether it was a billiard-room or conservatory. Jeff looked at the table, and took a cue from the rack, rolled three balls from the pockets, and started a break that promised to go on and on. He had been playing billiards ever since he was a kid in the 'Lox, and took where he was playing now.

He had rolled the break up to 40 when the slim young redhead came in.

Thus one moved into a sleep-walker. She crossed the room, idly moving or not seeing him, and sprinkled a moving orchid from a small silver watering can. She wore a green silk dress, cut in the Chinese style, which left just enough to the imagination.

When he had doused the orchid, she put the can down and came to Jeff. She was small, the top of her head level with his chin. She looked up at him with big eyes, pupils dilated, eyes flecked with gold and green. Then she lifted a slender hand and ran a red-stained finger gently down his chest.

"Was it you?" she asked him. Her brow puckered. "No it could not have been, could it? Because you're alive."

Skin at the back of Jeff's neck prickled and twitched.

"The Maria," she told him. "You know, the glamorous Martha's little sister?" She peered at him. "Are you one of Martha's legion?" Of admirers, he guessed. "It's a waste of time, you know. She's scared of men. The psychiatrists can't cure her."

"Has your sister scared?" Jeff observed.

## LOWDOWN ON FOREST FIRES

A gadget which looks something like an aircraft gun sight has been developed overseas to get quick estimates of damage done by bush fires and to establish how large the fire is.

Used to government planes in Canada and the U.S., these aerial yardsticks have proved invaluable for checking forest areas, sizes of lakes and dams, amounts cut out of timber plantations and general geographical features.

Looking much like a reflector gun sight, the device has a half-spherical mirror which projects an image on to the subject being checked.

Circles on the viewing glass provide the user with information which will tell the size of the area.

and wonderfully-made, a woman who made him sure he was a man.

She was in a desperate hurry for the gun. She made a grab for the hand that held it. He looked away but she kept her balance and struck his face, and attempted the gun again. When Jeff grasped her arm, it became rigid, and she overrode, "Don't touch me."

And Anna said, "Throw me the gun, Jeffery. You'll get nothing there. It looks like a woman, but she's got ice for blood."

Jeff looked at Chris Marton's daughter, even more severely beautiful in the cold flesh than in the photograph on the cruiser, or in the society pages, or as she had existed for a very long time, unnamed and unknown, in his male imagination.

Now she stood humbled, as though Anna's words had been spoken. "Please!" she whispered. "Don't touch me. Give me the pistol. That's what you have, isn't it? I'll pay you, I'll pay you better than him, whatever he offers."

"I'm waiting for you, Jeffery," Anna said.

ever you had in mind, forget it. Get out of my way."

Anna said, "All right." He dropped his arm and turned away. He almost brought it off, too. The swing-back and well-aimed look almost took Jeff. But his reflexes were still useful. Anna granted and folded. The girl had the good sense to keep walking.

She walked swiftly, with long strides, like a cat. Jeff followed her to the car. Then, with her hand on the door, she turned and said, "Can't we settle it here? Tell me the price, and I'll bring you the money."

He shook his head. "There's some trouble you can't buy off. If it's Anna, I'd say you've found it. I'd like to help."

"I don't know the man you mention, and you can't help us. But I will buy the pistol for cash."

Jeff said, "Can't you wouldn't believe it. I've already lost more than you can pay me."

She looked at him, and then touched his arm suddenly with her hand.

She giggled a little, and moved a shade closer. "Sometimes I am. Oh, not of men. I like the ones I meet." Then she shivered. "Except that one last night. He was different. But he went away when I told him so. No, sometimes I'm scared when there are too many people here. Because I know and they look at me." And she laughed shrilly. No wonder they looked at her.

Jeff said, "About the man last night. That was on the yacht?" She looked at him wistfully. "Yes, I always go there to be alone and think. I can't think here, you see."

"Tell me," he said, touching her soft, shining hair. "Was there a loud bang?"

But she was listening to something. He could hear nothing beyond their own breathing. She went suddenly, with a rustle of silk and a flash of green around the doorway to the verandah.

Martha came into the room with clothes over her arm. She paused, glanced around, and asked him, "Has anyone been here?"

Jeff said, "A red-haired girl raced through."

"Clothes," said Martha, tossing them to him. "You can change in one of the guest rooms." He followed her through another room, and upstairs. The clothing fitted him reasonably well. The suit was a soft tweed with a London label.

When he came out, Martha looked at him and said, "You are a surprise, aren't you? What do you do?"

"Soldier." But it misfired. "I'm a collector."

That was better. She almost smiled.

"Really? Then I shall retain you. We can talk in my study."

They walked through a room furnished with quiet elegance, from the Rembrandt above the fire place to the despoiled carpet on which Chris Morton stood flaying a row of practice golf balls. He was a small, sturdy man with the

red hair and a head that somehow managed to convey power and cunning from any angle.

Martha said, "Excuse us, Father."

"Go to bed," he told her, showing teeth over his shoulder.

"You're heading the right knee too much," Jeff told him.

"And you go with her?"



"Knock it off, stupid. It only applies to you, off and center."

Jeff said, "Haven't got much conversation, has he?"

"Or heart, or guts. He has money, power, and two daughters instead of the sons he wanted."

"They went into her study, a room of no more than two squares with a thick golden carpet on the floor and a small portrait in reds are art on the walls. It also had a cedar desk, a blue divan, an easy chair with a sable wrap thrown carelessly over the back, and a Shureway concert grand. Between these objects were parlor-like spaces of carpet."

Martha sat in the easy chair, legs drawn up and chin on knees, eyes closed, face outlined against the broad sleeve of the sable.

She remained like that, not moving, as Martha said, "Can I have the parlor now?"

Jeff took it from his borrowed pocket. He had discarded the wet chamois. "This is a .32 automatic. The clip's half-empty, which suggests it has been fired recently but that's what guns are for, depending on who fires at what."

Martha's eyes were open now. She laughed softly and said, "Hello, you."

"Let's reconstruct this," Jeff told Martha. "I was in debt to a man named Amos for more than I could afford. He offered to clear the debt if I swam to the yacht and brought back the gun. I did not even know whose boat it was



"Are we distracting you, dear?"

(Continued on page 383)



# Sleeping Sentry

LESTER WAY • FICTION

*The sleeping crocodile prevented Steve from entering the camp to take his revenge, but it also forced Gloria and Joe to remain.*

JOE nixed at his tough beard, angry with himself for shaving just because Gloria was there, and viewing distastefully the face his mirror reflected. It was beaked like a hawk's, the eyes were small and round, the eyebrows were arched, shaving couldn't help a face like that. No girl had ever been attracted by it.

There was a movement behind the blanket that hung across the centre of the camp, and the hawk grained Gloria must be getting up.

Joe considered his leathery skin. It was lean and wiry on his neck, and his hair had a dry, pumiced look. Gloria had been caught by many men, and, according to reports, she rebuffed them all. She'd laugh at him for perceiving himself, for thinking he had a chance.

The tilted mirror showed her bare feet, her ankles and tapered calves, below the edge of the blanket. They went deliberately toward the front, and around the end of the partition.

"Don't turn!" she warned. "I've only got a towel around me. I'm going to the river for a bath."

She was meeting his gaze in the mirror. She knew he could see her without turning.

Her dark hair was tousled, a curl hanging over one eye. The





dust of sleep was on her cheeks, and her eyes were misty. The towel hardly covered her curves as she clutched it with both hands, holding a cork of soap in one.

"Cheap," Joe said. "The telly's about to bust, so don't be long."

She moved out of his view, and he heard her feet pattering on the track to the river. She hadn't laughed at him for shaving; her eyes were serious, with a hint of expectancy behind their mistiness, and he recalled that, last night, a smile had played around her mouth as he rigged a wall to separate them.

He finished shaving, and went to the fire where bottles were rising in the telly. He turned to get the tea, and saw Gloria coming back, running, holding the towel tighter, the soap still in her hand.

She came up breathless, apparently forgetting her near nakedness. She stood there panting, not able to speak.

"You don't take long," Joe said.

The telly wasn't quite boiling, and it was too soon to put the tea in, but he had to do something to take his attention off the girl's beauty, so he tossed in the tea, and put wings on the fire.

"There's a crocodile on the log down there, Joe! It's right where the boat is tied."

"A crocodile?" Joe still averted his head. "Yesterday Steve was after you, and now it's a crocodile! You should have stayed in town."

"You can say it for yourself! Even if you don't believe what I said about Steve—"

He turned his head, and his small eagle eyes ran from her toes to her flushed face. She didn't move away; apparently her competence with Steve had taught her nothing.

"If you still want a bath," Joe said after a moment, "go down to the creek. There's three feet of water, and it's cleaner than the river. I'll have a look at the crocodile."

He pointed to a track behind the camp. She glanced at it, glanced back at Joe, pointed a bit, and then went.

The rule was on her side of the partition, and, as he got it, he saw the bundle of clothes she had brought with her. It lay open on the bunk, a big bundle, a tangle of underwear in pastel shades, two pairs of shoes, a bright green blouse—

It held more than clothes when she arrived, but only the clothes were there now. Joe touched two or three of the garments, and then forced himself to turn away.

He found the crocodile where Gloria said it was. It was almost

She ran toward the boat, and the crocodile moved slowly. It started her and she stopped, opening to the ground, still clanking the cork.

as long as the log, its nose a foot or so away from the crumpled branch to which the boat was fastened. The ears were aiming the bushes at the other end near the tip of its heavy tail.

He couldn't use the boat till it went away, and he had known crocodiles to lie on the same log for weeks without moving. Possibly it was too slow to move of its own, to the bushes and got the cork. It might even let him lift the painter from the bunk near the nose, but it would be too risky. One swing of its tail would crush Joe's ribs, one snap of its jaws would finish him.

The ride wouldn't penetrate a hide so thick, but he could throw a stick of dynamite under it. That would scare it away, and he could get the boat, row Gloria across the river and escort her safely to town.

For a time, he stood there, looking at the crocodile, and thinking of Gloria's misty eyes, and of her faintly smiling lips, and of her tawny hair and pink cheeks and marble-white beauty. She had called to him late yesterday afternoon from the other side of the river, and he had rowed across



"When I asked you up to enjoy something, I meant on TV!"

She had asked him for refuge in his camp, had said she couldn't return to town because Steve would be watching the track.

"I've been hiding in the scrub all afternoon," she said. "I had to hide him to make him let go of me, and then he made a grab at me. But I dodged him, I lay low till I saw him start down the track looking for me."

Steve had tried to hold her, and, to prove it, a vital button was missing from her blouse, betraying the fact that she wore nothing beneath it. Joe didn't ask why Steve was looking her, or why she broke away. He knew what her answer would be.

And he knew Steve, he had been with Steve in the Greek cafe where Gloria was waitress. Joe hopefully owed by her beauty, and embarrassed and angry at the gross hints Steve made to her. The hints had brought a stony chill to Gloria's mother.

"You went to his camp?" Joe had asked. "You know what to expect, didn't you?"

"I suppose I did." She bowed her head when she said it, looking up at him through furtive eyelashes. "I . . . I thought he'd respect me if I proved I wasn't that kind of girl."

Maybe so, but the blanket partition had made her smile, and she had come to him just now wearing only a towel that was too small.

He couldn't believe she had resisted Steve. Steve wasn't an easy man to resist. His confidence came from the knowledge that few girls did resist him, just as Joe's shyism grew out of the indifference he met in all of them.

So he looked at the crocodile, and stroked his wife absentmindedly. She'd never made a pass at Gloria, because he didn't know how. He had never learned to say things with double meanings, he just didn't have it in him. Doubtful she'd brushed him off so many times that he lacked the courage to make even a timid advance. But with Gloria there in his camp, both of them promoters of the auction sentinel on the log—

His nerves prickled painfully at the thought, and he went to the camp, and poured a mug of tea, and tipped it. To occupy his mind, he lifted a chunk of bacon from a rack over the smoking gallery, and started carving sheep, putting them in the frying pan.

Gloria returned, hair wet and gleaming, the towel around her waisted. She paused beside Joe, watching him arrange the bacon.

"I didn't hear you shooting," she said. "Is the crocodile gone?"

"No, it's still there, but it's too damn big for this rifle."

"It's sound asleep. I don't suppose it would wake up if we—"

"We'd be mugs to risk it! I would have taken you to town, but it's better to keep alive, and put

up with my camp for a while."

He looked at her, but she wasn't frowning, she wasn't annoyed. She was looking away from him, not aware of his scrutiny, and seemed to be making calculations in a cool, hard manner. When she turned her head and met his gaze, she went quickly into the scrub.

"I'll get dressed. Keep your back turned, I haven't got a door on my room, you know."

They ate bacon and cold hamper, and drank tea. Gloria wore a pair of shorts that extended no more than six inches below her waist. She also wore the green blouse, and wore it over bare skin. It had buttons, but she hadn't fastened them.

"It's so hot," she explained. "You don't mind, do you?"

If she would only fasten one button, it would keep him hanging on to his seat! She saw that his eyes were afloat, and looked down at her in spite to avoid his gaze, but didn't button her blouse.

"What will we do today?" she asked when they had washed the dishes. "Since you can't take me to town—"

Her voice drifted off, leaving her meaning ambiguous. She was very close, her limpid eyes on his face, her open lips red and generously curved. It occurred to Joe that one slight movement of his arm was all that was needed to possess her, that it was what she was waiting for.

"What do you want to do?"

His voice grated painfully, it didn't sound like his own voice.

"You'll want to work, of course," she said respectfully. "Do you get much gold?"

"Only colours. I'm following a lead, getting close to payday. I reckon."

"Let's see what you've got so far."

"I sent it away last time I was in town, and haven't found a penny-weight since."

It wasn't true, his claim was good, he had a pickle-jar full of gold. While he lied to her, he was reminding himself that she couldn't run away from him as she had from Steve; it wouldn't help her to hide in the scrub on the side of the river, she couldn't carry that bundle anywhere but into the mouth of a crocodile. Hardly aware of it, his arm moved upward behind her back.

She moved away, apparently not seeing his move, and wandered toward the creek. "It's funny," she said. "But I've never seen gold washed. What about doing some to show me?"

Barbed, she picked her way down the track, watching her step, not looking back at him. She seemed thoughtful, as if, whenever he couldn't see her face, she was busy picking plays. At the creek, she picked up his pan.

"Is this what you use?"

"Yes, I'll wash some dirt. You might do brought me luck."

He filled the pan, but avoided the streak of payday.

(Continued on page 151)

## ***Portfolio of Beauty***









## SLEEPING SENTRY

(Continued from page 116)

He squatted, and propped it, explaining the process. He washed it down in a thin layer of sand, and scuffed it around, and let her see half a dozen tiny specks of yellow at the bottom.

"Not worth saving," he grumped, and emptied it into the creek.

She moved away from him to the bank. He drew his hands on his shirt, and made a cigarette, and went toward her as he rolled it, intent on the tobacco and paper, trying not to notice how her blouse was blown out behind her, fluttering in the breeze.

"Do you think Steve will come here looking for me?" she asked.

"He can't, the boat's on this side."

"But he's a friend of yours, he'll expect you to row him over."

"Yeah, if that crocodile lets me."

The crocodile not only held him at the camp, it insured them against visitors, as well. Steve would look for Gloria in town. He may have walked half the night in the hope of overtaking her, and when he failed, when he learned she hadn't returned, he'd know where she was, for there wasn't anywhere else she could go. He'd be at the river before dark.

"Make me a cigarette?" Gloria asked. "I smoked all mine yesterday."

She sat on a rock and smoked the cigarette he made, crossing her leg, not looking at Joe at all. She was as cool and remote as she had been in the cafe when Joe's lingering eyes were on her, while Steve made his rebel suggestions. And yet, only a little while ago, her eyes seemed to invite him, her lips seemed ready for a kiss. He had seen his beloved gaze that, and had tempted him further, and he had done nothing, had said nothing.

He had almost taken the plunge, and nerved the inevitable rebuff, but she had moved away, probably repelled by his looked nose and ungainly figure.

He was afraid of his own awkwardness, though looking at her paired like the birds of a stamping tree.

"I think I'll head today," he said. "I've got some books at the camp, and we can have a read."

She shrugged, and got off the rock, and went to the camp with him. She took a heap of books and lay on the bank, and Joe propped himself against the side of the camp. He tried to read, but could think only of the rustling pages that Gloria turned, and the breaking of the bank as she moved. The pages stopped rustling about a while, and he got up and looked.

She was asleep, lying on her side. Her face turned away from him. He felt as if he had a fever. His lips burned, and he mouthed them with his tongue.

He turned away, cutting himself. The fire in the gallery had gone

out, and he walked around it, studying it from all angles. The black-tin was well concealed among the stones.

He shook himself, still tormented by his conflict with his own appetite. He made another cigarette, glancing a couple of times at the sleeping girl. When he went to the creek, and found the spot where he had buried his pickle-jar. He scraped the sand away, and muttered it was still there.

From there, he went to the river and looked at the crocodile. One of its eyes opened for an instant, and closed again. The tip of its tail moved a few inches.

He climbed back to the camp feeling more exhausted than after a hard day's work. He lay down in the shade, his body weary.

The sun had already set when Steve called out from beyond the river. Hearing the call, Gloria turned her head, and looked at Joe. They had just eaten a tin of bully-beef and a hot damper. Joe made, and Gloria had gone back to the bank, and started reading. Hardly a word had passed between them.

"You'd better stay here," Joe said. "I'll talk to him."

He went to a rock overlooking the river, and saw Steve in the shadow of the opposite bank, barely visible in the fading light.

"Hello, Steve," he called. "Looking for Gloria?"

"Too right, I am! Bring the boat across, damn you!"

"I can't, Steve! There's a crocodile sleeping beside it!"

"Then stop the boat!"

"It's too big for my gun! I'd be used to try!"

The light was fading rapidly. Steve's figure became vague, but his voice was clear. It turned Joe, accused Joe of lying, of betraying a mate for the sake of a girl.

"As ugly as a snake's skin, you! And now you think you're the world's greatest lover, I suppose! I'll bet it's the first time you ever got a pretty girl to come within ten yards of you!"

"It isn't that, it's the crocodile!"

"Damn you and your head! If you won't row me across, I'll swim!"

"Don't do it, you fool! The crocodile there, I tell you! He'll send you as soon as you go into the water!"

"Then I'll fight him, but I'll get there! When I get hold of that cheap little—"

His voice receded, and the words became blurred. Joe shouted another warning, but got no answer.

Turning, he found Gloria standing in the dim glow of the campfire, which tilted her figure toward. "Did he go away?" she asked tensely.

"He's mad! He says he'll swim!"

Joe took the lamp down, and lit it, and hung it in the camp, and when that was done he found Gloria beside him, searching his face. There was a new excitement in her eyes, a strange, infectious excitement that frightened him. It made his heart pound with a mixture of romance and desire.

"Crocodiles hunt at night most of the time."

"Yeah, mostly at night."

"They take things swimming in the water, and things on the bank."

"That's right. Steve hasn't got a chance."

She came closer. She raised her face and her lips pecked back from small sharp teeth.

"I don't suppose we'll hear it," she said.

"Nothing but his yells, and that won't last long. One snap will finish him."

Gloria's tongue came out and watched nervously over her lips. She stopped breathing, then breathed rapidly. For a long time they stood like that, straining their ears. A few night sounds reached them, the splash of a fish in the river, the distant groan of a tree-branch rubbed against another by the breeze, a lone frog croaking in the creek.

"It's horrible!" the girl said, her voice vibrating nervously.

Her pecked-back lips showed white teeth and pale gums, but formed nothing like a smile. Her body trembled, her eyes surrounded with dark excitement. She was pointing it all, the jagged jaws opening at a helpless swimmer, the swift snap crushing muscle and bone, the red stains in the water, seeing it vividly, seeing also that she was responsible, that it was she who had brought it about.

Her pecking lips flared. Fingers ran over her hair shoulders, and Joe's hairless snaggled, broken, not by the pull of her beauty, but by the ugly hysteria that had seized the girl, and infected him.

He heard Steve coming, and went to meet him. It was dawn now, almost full daylight, and Gloria was sleeping heavily.

Steve came up the track from the river, his shorts sodden, water dripping from his hair. He said, "It's all right, Joe. I know you weren't lying. I've just had a look at your pet."

"It's a miracle you got over alive!"

"I went half a mile downstream to dodge it. Then I got frightened a snap would rip my gait open in the dark, so I waited for daylight. Where's Gloria?"

"She's asleep in the camp, but don't—"

"Damn her! I'll wake her up!"

"Don't lay a hand on her, Steve! If you touch her, I'll smash you to hell!"

Steve didn't pause and didn't answer, but halted when he reached the camp. He stared at an empty bunk, and then glared at Joe. Big, heavy and ruddy-complexioned, he looked dangerous.

"Asleep in the camp, eh? So you're still playing tricks, you dog!"

Joe braced himself for the blow he expected, and Steve's anger gathered force, while his eyes darted everywhere, looking for the girl.

(Continued on page 64)

# THE DOCTOR KNEW HIS POISON

By HUGH LAYNE • FACT

*Dr. Buchanan had one of the best bedside manners in the business, so it came as a shock when he married a lowly-house madam.*

DR. ROBERT W. BUCHANAN was a living contradiction of the old saw that says you can't mix business with pleasure. Somewhere along the line he had noticed that the doctors with the best bedside manners booked the most money. Buchanan carried it a step further. On certain occasions, when he deemed the treatment necessary, he abandoned the bedside and got right into the bed.

This little man in white was way ahead of his time. Although psychosomatic illness wasn't recognized then, Buchanan concentrated almost entirely on the nervous system and cured many difficult cases. He encouraged his patients to talk extensively about their problems, and he would sit by the hour, head cocked to one side, watching the patient's every expression with his sharp, birdlike eyes. If one of his patients happened to be wearing a pink satin nightgown, he would stroke it gently with his long, tapering fingers; he loved soft fabrics.

This strutting little cock-of-the-walk first saw the light of day in the town of Windsor, near Halifax, in Nova Scotia. He was employed as a druggist, and as soon as he learned that the man who writes out prescriptions makes more money than the one who fills them, he started working there. Since his only qualification to practice medicine was a fast reading of the medical books in the public library, the authorities clamped down on him fast.

Buchanan wasn't seen around

Windsor for several years after that. When he did appear again, he explained that he had been in Chicago studying at the famous College of Physicians and Surgeons. This impressed a lot of people. Among them was a girl named Helen Patterson, whose father was a wealthy manufacturer. Buchanan made sure Patterson's prosperity was all it was said to be, then proceeded to marry his daughter.

One night, after an abundant dinner at his in-laws' home, the new groom said: "I want to be a really good doctor. Edinburgh, Scotland, is the place to study. They've got one of the finest medical colleges in the world." He heaved a sigh and made a gesture of futility. "But that takes money."

Helen gave her father one of her best fond daughter looks and Patterson rose to the bait. He asked how long the post-graduate work would take and approximately how much it would cost.

Buchanan said he thought two years would do it, and named a modest amount of money.

Mr. Patterson came through and Helen and Robert sailed for Edinburgh. They spent two years in the Scottish capital, during which time Robert managed to keep up with his studies, in spite of extracurricular activities which included a liberal sampling of the local femininity.

Knowing that nothing would please his wife's parents more than for them to become grandparents, he arranged for it. Then









"Come in, mother. We were just talking about you."

he sent them a collagram announcing that he and Helen had a little girl when they were naming Gertrude after her mother. Patterson responded as expected by sending congratulations and adding a substantial amount to their allowance. What Buchanan hadn't told them was that little Gertrude had been adopted.

When the Buchanans returned to America, no one could question Robert's right to hang out his shingle. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson wondered why the young people were taking the boat to New York and not to Halifax, but they journeyed uncomplainingly to the States to meet them.

After the hugging and kissing, Dr. Buchanan announced that he had an intention of returning to the little town of Windsor. He had heard about the Bohemian life in New York City's Greenwich Village, and that was for him. "I'm much too big a man for that little place now," he said. "New York offers unlimited possibilities to a person of my talents. I'll make a big name for myself in this city."

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson were brokenhearted, but there wasn't much they could do about it. They went back to Nova Scotia and the

Buchanans took a house on West 11th Street.

Fate dealt the little doctor a trump card when a friend, Dr. D. F. Veeburgh, moved his office up-town and turned over his practice in Greenwich Village to Buchanan. The Bohemian life proved to be all the doctor had hoped for. The artists and writers and their wives and playmates accepted him as one of them. Soon he was spending much more time in bedrooms and bedrooms than in his office or home. Helen Buchanan had gleaned something more than a hint of her husband's true character while they were in Edinburgh, but she had been too proud to tell her parents. She stood the humiliation in New York so long as she could. Then she packed up and took little Gertrude back to Windsor.

Left alone to kick up his heels as much as his health would allow, the good doctor made Dick Macomber's bar his official hangout. He found the liquor reasonable and the company receptive to his unbridled ideas about women in general. He had a gift tongue and he had travelled. It was a simple matter to impress the barflies, most of which had never been north of Times Square. He

tween his speeches at Macomber's, his drinking and his skirt chasing. Dr. Buchanan found little time to practice medicine.

One night when a bunch of the boys were doing a little show-bending at Macomber's, the conversation, as usual, turned to women. A guy named Peter Tatum started bragging about a particular pleasure parker he knew of in Newark, New Jersey. "The women there are out of this world," he said. "I've heard about places like this all my life, but this one is really it."

"I'll take you over there tonight, and if you don't agree it's the sweetest place you've ever been, the sweet's on me. If I'm right, you pay."

Buchanan, never a man to pass up an opportunity to do a little research on his favourite subject, was all for it. He and Tatum shook hands on the agreement and promptly left Macomber's amidst the raucous cheering of their pals.

The trip across the river was pleasant although to the adventurers it appeared to take longer than usual. They arrived at their destination on Halsey Street shortly before midnight. The outside of the building was far from impressive; in-

side, if the customers could forget about the bright red velvet dresses and multi-coloured, over-stuffed furnishings, everything was a breath-taking. There were six girls—two redheads, two blondes and two brunettes. They wore low-cut evening gowns that fitted their bodies so tightly it looked as if the girls had been sewed into them. Their faces were exceptionally pretty, and all were youngish and in full bloom.

Mrs. Anne Sutherland, the madam, was a buxom, peroxide blonde with roguish blue eyes, a deep throaty laugh and elegant manner. Reckless with perfume, she wore flimsy, worn-in elaborate, lacy evening dress and a fur-tape in diamonds.

It was the middle of the week and business was slow. Buchanan and Tatum sat around and had a drink while they tried to decide which girl to take for a partner. Finally the little doctor disappear-

ed with a redhead. When he came back half an hour later, Tatum was missing. So was one of the blondes. While Buchanan waited, he talked with the madam. Right off, she was impressed by the fact that he was a doctor. "I don't get many gentlemen of your profession," she told him. "I wonder why?"

He couldn't explain it either. "Maybe it's because they don't know about your place," he said. He laughed. "Too bad you can't advertise."

Always a good listener, Buchanan learned that Mrs. Sutherland had been married twice, her first husband being a minister. Both men were dead and both had left her substantial amounts of insurance. "I opened this place because I always wanted a little business of my own," she said. "My girls are the best because I give them a break on the money end. I won't stand for punge hanging around

They take all the girls makes and run the business."

Dr. Buchanan was not entertained by the woman's common speech and bawdy jokes, but before the conversation ended he got the definite impression that he and Mrs. Sutherland should become better acquainted. He paid for the evening's entertainment and considered the money well spent. When he said goodbye to the madam at the door, he told her she would be seeing some more of him, and he meant every word of it.

The talk around Macomber's centered on the Hickory Street establishment for some time after that. Several hobnobbers who could afford to make the trip to Newark to check on what they believed to be tall tales. All agreed the girls were terrific, and all agreed that Mrs. Sutherland was the damnest, coolest female they had ever seen.

Buchanan became a steady customer at the brothel. While at first he had satisfied himself with the pretty girls, his opportunistic nature finally drew him to the madam. She was flattered by his attention, which were checked one night when the little doctor passed up the girls and asked her if she would do him the favour. She acted kitchy and said she was out of practice, but she was finally persuaded. After that the girls didn't bother showing themselves when he came.

As time passed, Buchanan's evenings at Macomber's became few and far between. Once when he did show up, Tatum, who was closer to the situation than any body else, asked him, "What gives? You don't intend to marry that old hag, do you?"

The doctor looked straight down into his beer. "Who can tell?" he said. "There are other things in this world besides the pleasures of the flesh."

The boys at the bar thought they knew exactly what he meant. One of them said, "By the way, Doc? Aren't you already married?"

Buchanan assured them he had taken care of that. "My wife left me," he said. "That's desertion. I've taken up residence in New Jersey and obtained a divorce."

Whatever else could or couldn't be said about the little man in white, he did know how to handle women. So nobody at Macomber's was too surprised when he came in one night and asked his friend, the proprietor, and Peter Tatum to accompany him to Newark. "This isn't a pleasure trip," he told them. "It's strictly business. Mrs. Sutherland needs our help. She has some stocks and bonds and real estate and cash in the bank, to say nothing of her jewels. Up to now she's had no will. If she should die suddenly, there's a good chance the lawyers and courts would leave her heirs of their rightful inheritance. I've consented to strengthen the will for her. She's made a will, and I want you to witness the signing.



"You'd like to see something in white? How about me?"

The will says that everything goes to her husband if she happens to be married at the time of her death."

Dick Macomber had not been one of the curious who had visited the Halsey Street house, so when he stepped inside the pleasant place he was overwhelmed by its grandeur. But after they had left Mrs. Sutherland's and were on their way back to Manhattan, he turned to Buchanan and said, "Doc, I've always thought of you as a man who knew nice things. How can you even think of marrying her?"

partner in the brotherly venture. He was a man named Gus Beckus, who, prior to Dr. Buchanan's entrance into the picture, had served as both Mrs. Sutherland's janitor and companion. He had to be paid off, and even then he wasn't at all happy about the new development.

Dr. Robert W. Buchanan and Mrs. Annie Sutherland were joined in holy wedlock shortly after that. The honeymoon to Niagara Falls was financed by the new Mrs. Macomber. When they returned, the green purchased the house on West 11th Street, which until then he had only leased. This was

Newark. He was not a happy man.

"What are you arguing about?" Dick Macomber asked the doctor one night when he was crying into his very chosen. "You walked into this thing with your eyes open. She got what she wanted— a doctor for a husband and what she thought would be a step up the social ladder. And you got exactly what you wanted — her money." Buchanan couldn't deny it. "But Dick," he moaned, "you've only seen her with her clothes on. She's the commonest creature I've ever laid my eyes on."

Somebody down at the end of the bar started, "So, all right. Turn the lights out."

The doctor downed his drink and asked for a refill. "I've only got a few customers left," he complained, "and I'd like to hold on to them, but that woman's going to ruin me. The other day a man came to see me, Annie answered the door, and the way she talked to him, he must have thought he had come to a house by mistake."

Dick Macomber tried his hard to sympathize with Buchanan, but he did manage to remind his friend that his wife had always been women patients.

"Care," Buchanan agreed. "I know all about that. Give Annie a little time and she'll run them away, too. She wants to be respectable. So what did she do but invite a couple of my most respectable patients in for the afternoon. Did she serve them tea and crumpets? Not on your life. She had to give them gin. And so it that wasn't enough, she had to tell them every dirty story she ever heard about in Newark. I'll never see them again."

The other customers in the bar weren't paying the doctor much attention. A big murder case had just broken in New York and the newspapers were full of it. A gay young blonde named Carlyle Harris had killed a girl named Helen Potts, to who he had been secretly married, by giving her an overdose of morphine. He had been caught, tried, convicted and sentenced to death in the electric chair. Everybody was talking about it.

Buchanan listened while the others argued about the case. Finally he raised an authoritative voice. "Harris was an amateur," he said. "If he had known anything about drugs, he could have killed the girl, buried her and lived happily ever after."

"Tell us about it, Doc," Tatum urged.

Buchanan lifted his glass. "What do you take me for, a fool?" he said. "I don't want all you fellows going home and killing your wives."

This statement was greeted with jeers and one big guy, who was drunker than the rest, called him a fake. "All you've got is a black bag and a lot of little coloured pills," he said. "Some of them are pink, some green and some yellow. But they're all the same. Super-coated nothing. You're just a pill-pushing fake like all the rest. And



"Don't forget to take off your golf shoes!"

Buchanan just smiled. "Be easy," he said. "My eyes are just as good as yours and my taste in women superior. But if that's the only way I can get my hands on that old girl's dough, prepare yourself for a wedding."

The doctor popped the question shortly after that and needless to say, the Newark madam didn't keep him waiting for an answer. There were a few details to straighten out before the ceremony, such as cleaning the house on Halsey Street and disposing of the property. One hitch was encountered when it came out that Mrs. Sutherland had had a silent

taken in his name but it was the bride's money that paid for it.

Things went along smoothly for the next few days. One wag as Macomber's explained it like this: "He's got enough money to buy all the liquor he wants, and it's an accepted fact that drink runs the wagon. Wait until he waters up and sees what he's got in the cold light of day."

The prophecy was all too correct. Dr. Buchanan soon started dropping into Macomber's again, and it wasn't long before he was spending almost as much time and money there as he had before he made his fateful first trip to



*"His game is rather interesting when you get in the rough with him."*

I won't send you a bill for my diagnosis, either."

Buchanan held his tongue and had another drink. The customer drifted out by ones and twos. Finally it was nearly closing time, and only the disgruntled little man and the proprietor remained.

"Drink up, Doc," Macomber said. "I've got to close up."

Buchanan beckoned to him. "Just one more," he pleaded. "And I'll tell you something, but I don't want you spreading it around."

The bartender thought the doctor had had enough, but acquiesced.

"They think I'm a fake, do they?" Buchanan said after sipping his drink. "Well, you're my friend, Doc Macomber, and I'm going to tell you something. Carole Harris doesn't know anything about drugs. He had that girl on a overdose of morphine. Probably gave her four or five grains. That much would have caused the pupils of her eyes to contract. Everybody knows that. One look at the Poole girl and the doctors knew exactly what had happened."

Dick Macomber was eager to get all the inside information he could about the sensational murder case.

"How should he have done it, Doc?" he asked.

"The little man finished his drink. He was really in his cups. "You've had your eyes examined by an oculist, haven't you?" he asked.

Macomber said he had.

"The doctor put drops in your eyes, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Those drops were atropine, or one of its derivatives. Atropine makes the pupils dilate, enlarges."

Buchanan looked at his empty glass. Macomber filled it. "Now, if that man Harris had used both morphine and atropine, the morphine would have constricted the pupils and the atropine would have dilated them. The eyes would have ended up normal; and no doctor would have thought there was anything unusual about her death."

Macomber promised to keep his mouth shut, and took Buchanan home.

Like all good news stories, the Carole Harris case had its day in the papers and was soon replaced by fresher news. Robert W. Buchanan, M.D., continued to bere the customers at Macomber's with his medical troubles, and even suggested that he might return to Edinburgh, Scotland, for further studies. "That's what I want to do," he said, "but Anne insists on going along. Sometimes I think she doesn't trust me."

The fact of it was that he had broached her on the proposition, and she had promptly told him that if he didn't take her along he could forget about it. She had clinched the argument by threatening to draw up a new will cutting him off with the magnificent sum of one dollar.

Then one night the doctor came into Macomber's and told the boys that his wife was sick. "It's her kidneys," he said. "I think she's Bright's disease. I've got Doctor

McIntyre looking after her."

Buchanan, and his wife were alone in their home on West 11th Street on Friday, April 22, 1932, when Anne took a turn for the worse. Dr. H. C. McIntyre was summoned at once. He diagnosed Mrs. Buchanan's condition as aggravated hysteria brought on by intense pains in her head. He treated her, but after he had left the pain became even more severe. Dr. Henry P. Watson was called in. He examined the patient and said she had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. After administering to her as best he could, Dr. Watson left.

At eight o'clock that night things were so bad that Buchanan summoned both doctors again. His wife was in a coma when they arrived, and it was impossible to bring her back to consciousness. She died at ten o'clock the following morning. Dr. McIntyre signed the death certificate. Apoplexy was listed as the cause of her demise. A crape was hung on the door, a funeral held (at which there were few mourners) and the remains were interred in

Graceland Cemetery, Brooklyn.

McIntyre looking after her."

McIntyre looking after her."

McIntyre looking after her."

McIntyre looking after her."

McIntyre looking after her."

McIntyre looking after her."

McIntyre looking after her."

McIntyre looking after her."

McIntyre looking after her."

## TV SPECS

Special spectacles have been designed for television viewers to help eliminate visual discomfort experienced by some TV fans.

The lenses of the glasses have a faint yellow coating which reduces the strong blue light radiated from the kinescope tube.

Scientists, faced with the problem of eliminating the excess blue, to which eyes are very sensitive, had to do it without spoiling the other parts of the spectrum.

The new glasses reduce glare and minimize eye fatigue, and according to the Better Vision Institute in the U.S., are the happy solution to one TV problem.

### Graceland Cemetery, Brooklyn.

The widower stayed away from Macomber's saloon for what he deemed a suitable period of grace, and then showed up dressed in the height of fashion. He ordered drinks around.

Peter Tatum said, "Well, Doc, I suppose you'd be off to Scotland soon for that medical study you've been talking about. You won't have to worry about Anne going with you now."

Buchanan wasn't in the mood for levity. He said his wife's death had been a great shock to him. Then, as almost the same breath in which he had professed studying over for the deceased woman, he said he was contemplating a trip back home to Nova Scotia. "I'm a man who needs a

SHORT MEASURE...







SHORT  
MEASURE...





# MASTER CROOK became a cop . . .

By ROBIN ADAIR • FACT

*Vidocq, first of the world's great detectives, knew exactly how his quarry's mind worked. No wonder — he himself had been a crook!*



"SET a thief to catch a thief" advises the old adage. There's no better illustration of the truth of this than the strange story of François Eugene Vidocq, a brutal thief and probably a killer, who, at the height of his criminal career, almost overnight became a brilliant detective!

Vidocq's startling switch from hunted to hunter makes him easily the queerest cop in the annals of crime.

At the turn of the 19th century, Vidocq was a master criminal—a constant thorn in the side of French police. He was a versatile crook. By day he would work as a confidence man, "fence" and forger. By night he would don his elegant clothes and become a ragged smuggler and a brutal apaches.

Money — gained without honest work — was the only power Vidocq recognized. So, when the chief of the Paris police prefecture, Monsieur Henry, offered him a job as a police informer, Vidocq pushed a hard bargain — and accepted.

But even in this new position police still didn't trust the former king of crime. And Vidocq might have remained just another highly-paid "fixer" — except that one night Paris stopped in and cleared the way for his career as a master detective.

Another apaches tried to stand over Vidocq and force him to double-cross the police by passing on false information.

Vidocq refused and his former friend knifed him. But, although seriously wounded, Vidocq pinned an attacker, handed him over to the police and netted a million franc robbery plan.

That was the turning point. From then on M. Henry treated the reformed sinner completely. Henry made Vidocq an official member of the force and within a few years made him a detective.

Vidocq was now a thorn in the

side of the underworld and after solving dozens of cases that baffled more orthodox colleagues was promoted to the leadership of the entire Paris detective force. That was in 1830.

Two years later Vidocq secured his place in the annals of crime detection by founding one of the world's most famous police forces — the Brigade de Surete.

In the early years the new leg-ionsure Surete had only five members—Vidocq and four picked assistants. But they were enough to strike terror into the hearts of French criminals.

One of the tiny team's early triumphs was to smash a mob of vicious criminals who roamed Paris after France's war with England. In 1814 and 1815 hundreds of French prisoners of war were returned by the English. Out of work, untrained, they sought to take payment from their country that had sent them to imprisonment, pain and privation.

They infested Paris like rats and all attempts to crush them failed—until Vidocq and his Surette took up the case. Disguised as an apaches, Vidocq returned to his old haunts looking for clues that would lead him to the lairs of the brutal bands of robbers and killers.

For months he lived again as a swagging thug. Then his patience paid off. One night he came to a "house-of-five" and there he saw and conquered the mistress of one of the "house" leaders. The handsome Vidocq took all his charm on the girl and finally persuaded her to reveal her lover's hideout. The Surette then visited the thug and persuaded him to talk—by less gentle methods.

In less than two months after the Vidocq and his men arrested three gangs of more than 200 desperate crooks.

In 1817 a grateful Government gave Vidocq more men—but only five more. However, the Surette's

12 men were an unlucky number—for crooks. In 1827 they made more than 700 arrests that ended in jail or at the guillotine. This success of the Surette was almost solely due to Vidocq's complete knowledge of the workings of the underworld. "I put myself in the position of the criminal," he once said, adding wryly, "A position I am fully familiar with."

Fifteen years after he had launched the Surette Vidocq resigned of his own free will. In 1822 he opened a paper mill at Saint Mandé and once more his strange, forecasting attitude towards law and the lawless was shown. Although now a highly-respected, law-abiding manufacturer he would only employ former criminals in his mill!

However Vidocq's venture away from the field of crime—whether on one side or the other—didn't last long. In 1830 he returned to Paris as a cloak-and-dagger political agent for the Government. But now the old jealousy flared up again and this time there was no understanding M. Henry to stand by him.

Rivals trumped up a story of a robbery in which Vidocq was supposed to have been the master mind and he was accused. Undaunted, Vidocq set up a private inquiry agency in 1832.

The success of the agency annoyed and embarrassed the man who had caused Vidocq's fall. Seven years after its foundation the Government closed the agency.

Old and care-worn Vidocq gave in. The last years of his life were spent in poverty and obscurity. He died in 1857 — forgotten. But his name lives on today as the founder of the famous Surette, the first of the world's great detectives.

—but mainly as the only master criminal who became an equally brilliant detective.

# The



*With an amazing burst of speed, Red-pants started to forge ahead and dashed over the line.*

# £5,000 joke

FICTION By R. D. CHARLTON

*The whole town laughed at Albert's futile attempts at training for the Golden*

*Hundred, but they suddenly stopped laughing when he turned the tables.*

AS an old miner, I don't hold with this open cut business, and I'm glad to say that I knew Mount Marley when it really was a mine and not just a hole in the ground. That was forty years ago or more, when the Mount was a famous goldmine and had a population ten times what it is today.

Before the war—the first war, I mean—hastening was one of the most popular sports at the Mount. You talk about your Stawell Gift; well, in those days, we had a race called the Golden Hundred, and it made the Gift look like peanuts.

The Golden Hundred was worth such a packet that professional runners from all over Australia used to come to the Mount, and it was a popular race with the bookmakers, too. They used to come in dozens, and in the course of a meeting, I've seen more money change hands than you could jump over. Most of it went into the bookies' bags and stayed there.

Mind you, we had plenty of other races besides the Golden Hundred, we held a meeting almost every month, and the prize-money was good. But it was not big enough to attract the talent outside the district, and it was mostly the local miners who competed. The miners usually realised that in the Golden Hundred they would be outclassed by the real professionals and did not enter.

Occasionally, a miner with some talent might compete but in all the long history of the race, a local had never won it.

I'll never forget when some of the boys trained Albert Fleming for the Hundred. That goes back a long way; it must have been about 1914, because I remember the War came a couple of years later.

Albert came to work at the mine a few months before the Golden Hundred was due to be run. He was a long joker, over six feet tall, but as thin as a blackfellow's dog. He couldn't have weighed more than 10 stone. He was about twenty-five years of age and seemed a quiet, simple chap; he was about as talkative as a spilt-rail fence. He didn't seem to have had much experience underground, but he was a good worker, I'll say that for him. Nobody knew anything much about his past history, but he did tell us that he had spent most of his life in Victoria. He was single and lived in the barracks with the other hachelors.

We were all surprised when at the first athletic meeting after Albert's arrival, he turned out in running tops and said that he would like to compete. With his long skinny legs and arms, he looked so much like a runner as a muscovy duck looks like a high-jumper.

I was on the committee at the time, and I remember we all sniggered between ourselves at the sight he presented. Of course, anyone was eligible to have a go at the race, so we put Albert's name down. He ran in a couple of hundred-yard sprints and also in a 220-yarder. He ran just as he looked, with an awkward shuffle that seemed to cover the ground little faster than a dyspeptic hen with one leg chasing a worm.

With those long legs of his, he should have been a bit of a speedster, but in the three races, he trailed far behind the other competitors. That did not seem to worry him because he turned up at the next month's meeting and this time entered for four races.

He did no better than he did before.

After that, some of the wags at the mine got a brainy idea for a practical joke. The next meeting—hey, winter away—was the big one of the year, with the Golden Hundred at the star event. The boys became friendly with Albert and persuaded him to enter for the Golden Hundred. They said that he had a good natural style, and that the only reason he hadn't done well in the past races was because he lacked training. They offered, if he would enter for the big race, to give him as thorough a training as any champion ever had.

Albert swallowed the lot—hook line and sinker. I was against the whole thing from the start, because Albert seemed a decent sort of bloke, although as simple as a bishop in a beer garden. I thought it was taking an unfair advantage of his good nature, but they only laughed at me.

They carried out the scheme pretty thoroughly, and Albert came in like a lamb. It was not possible to arrange regular training hours, because of the shift work at the mine, but every day when Albert was not on shift, there were half a dozen men with him at the sports ground putting him through his paces.

Albert treated the training as seriously as if he was representing Australia in the Olympic Games. Sometimes when he had some spare time, he would even go far a cross-country run on his own. It was clear that it would not be his fault if he was not in condition for the Hundred.

The news soon spread around the mine, and Albert's training became the best practical joke the

town had had for years. Everybody in the place came to know Albert.

The newsmen said that Albert had been painting him for books on athletics and body building, and a few of the boys had noticed him sitting at a corner of the small library we had in the town, engrossed in a pile of books that the librarian told them were all about athletics training methods. Well, the boys certainly lapped that up and got down to their job even more thoroughly. It was the talk of the town, although, of course, everyone took good care that Albert was never within earshot.

"How's the training going, Albert?" they would say, as they met him in the street.

"Fine," he would say with a friendly smile.

"Going to clean them up in the Hundred, Albert?"

"Well, I'll do my best," would be his reply.

The people would turn away to hide their smiles, and sometimes it was all they could do to stop themselves from bursting into roars of laughter. I sometimes wondered that Albert did not get some taking of the joke that was being played on him, but he seemed to have less suspicion than a mug punter going to the book-makers' annual picnic.

As the time of the big race grew near, Albert's unofficial committee began to make the training more rigorous. Albert insisted that the committee members should take it in turn to run with him to make the pace. This was something they had not bargained for, but rather than spoil the joke, they did as Albert asked.

I remember that I got a lot of enjoyment out of watching some of the committee members puffing and peating alongside Albert as they ran around the track together. Albert was as fresh as an Antarctic breeze, as apparently his training had done him some good. When the committee members finally rebelled against acting the pace for Albert, they got hold of a stopwatch and started taking his time over the hundred yards.

Every day Albert's speed (according to the committee) became faster. His time on the first day of the stopwatch was 11.4 seconds. In a week, it was down to 9.2 seconds. The committee did not dare to make it any less than that, although some of the more daring sports spoke about reducing it to less than 3 seconds.

Albert did not turn a hair when he heard of his remarkable improvement; he only smiled and thanked more profusely. He was a training sort of ficker, because never since did he ask to see the stop watch to check the time. It wouldn't have mattered if he had, because the committee, although it didn't bother to take Albert's time, was always careful to set the watch to show the time before he even started to run.

Well, as the day of the Golden Hundred loomed up, Albert grew really tactical in his training. He seemed to be everywhere at once, trotting around the block every morning and evening, his gurgling body seeping and weaving while his arms seemed as though they would tear themselves from his shoulders.

The day before the big race, the committee insisted on shaving all the hair off Albert's chest to prevent too they said, wind resistance. He submitted meekly to the shaving, but when they wanted to run him down with a brook, he unexpectedly put his feet down hard, and they finally didn't worry about it.

I thought Albert looked as fit as a polo pony; the committee might have made a laughing stock of him, but it had certainly improved his physical condition.

When the big day came, the town was so full of visitors that some of them were sleeping in tents at the hotel. The book-makers were buzzing around like bees in a flower garden, and the flowers were coming along as driven to be stung.

The story of Albert had got around the visitors and the book-makers, and they all grinned broadly when they recognized him in the street. The bookies had been cautious at first; some of them

had been inclined to suspect an elaborate plot deliberately laid with a view to concealing a rare sprinter and so obtaining long odds on him. However, after they had heard the full story and had seen Albert in training, they joined in the fun as wholeheartedly as anyone else.

Albert became the longest priced runner in the field. Such long odds had never before been offered in living memory on a runner in the Golden Hundred. A number of bets were even placed on Albert, apparently, the bookies could not resist the fantastic odds offered.

On the morning of the race, I heard that Albert was spending money like a drunken sailor in backing himself. I immediately approached Frankie Dedson, the leader of the unofficial committee. I told him I thought the joke had gone far enough and that Albert should be informed of it.

He laughed at me and said that everyone concerned was kept up waiting for the climax. When he refused to listen to me, I went straight to Albert and told him the whole thing was a hoax. You can imagine my astonishment when he point-blank refused to believe me. I was as mad as hell and washed my hands of the whole affair. I can remember it as if it was yesterday.

Although the programme started at ten in the morning, the Golden Hundred was set down for three in the afternoon. There was a tremendous crowd on the ground — the largest on record. Everybody was in a jolly mood, and the 10-gallon logs of beer were being knocked over like skittles in a bowling alley.

As the time for the big race drew near, the excitement of the crowd reached fever pitch. A roar of laughter and cheering went up when the crowd saw Albert in a corner of the ground practising starts. He seemed to enjoy the applause, because he up and does an exhibition run right past the grandstand.

He had a most awkward running style, his arms flailed the air and his head was stuck out like a porcupine on a stick. He was wearing a pair of wool red running shorts and a bright green singlet. I'm no judge of colour, but it ever there was a dash of colour, it was then. Still, it made Albert conspicuous; he stood out on the oval like a Venezuelan flag.

Now the crowd roared as Albert gave his exhibition run! To top it off, Albert single-handedly lay way back along the track and gave a starty bow in front of the grandstand.

The crowd eloped Albert's competitors on the back and told them it was better than a circus.

As the bell rang for the runners to get ready for the Golden Hundred, a hush fell momentarily on the crowd, but as the runners started to appear, sections of the crowd clapped and cheered its own particular choice.

The favourite was Tommy Hardy, a youngster of twenty who





"I'm worried . . . he thinks money can buy everything and he has the cash to back him up."

lived in New South Wales. He had been unlucky to lose the Hundred in the previous year, and most people thought he would win this year. He was of average height, with legs that reminded me of the pistons of a steam engine—strong, powerful and never-tiring. He had a lovely style, too, that made it a pleasure to watch him. I had a few pounds on him, although I could get only robbery-park odds.

Second favorite was George Nash, from South Australia, a fairly lad who needed more experience but who was rapidly improv-

ing. Albert was standing a little apart from the other runners. He looked a bit uncomfortable, and I got the impression that he had suddenly woken up to himself and was just beginning to realize what a fool he was going to appear. I didn't have time to dwell on this thought, because the runners were lining up.

The crowd was almost as tense as the runners when the starter gave his instructions. Albert was in the middle, and Tommy Hardy had an outside berth.

Bang! went the starter's gun, and the entrants for the Golden

Hundred moved as if they had been shocked with an electric battery. I should have noted the entrants, except one. Poor Albert was left at the start, and must have lost five yards on the others. I could see a sort of agonized look on his face.

To encourage the poor coot, I yelled "Come on, Albert!" Almost as if he had heard me, he stuck out his head, flailed his arms, and actually caught up a couple of yards on the field.

Tommy Hardy was running beautifully, with arms and legs working in rhythmic motion. He



"Of course you heard how she got the start, didn't you?"

was a yard ahead of the nearest man and gradually drawing away, until suddenly a little known competitor in black singlet and shorts — Jack Traves, his name was — started to challenge Tommy. At the halfway mark, they were running neck and neck.

I wasn't paying much notice of Albert Fording at this stage, because I was too interested in the duel between Tommy and Jack Traves. Then a pair of flaring red pants began to intrude their way into my notice. I saw them first out of the corner of my eye, and when I looked properly, there was Albert striding along as the middle of the pack.

You could have knocked me over with a pay-telephone. The crowd had noticed him too and a sort of half-silence fell over us. I couldn't make out how Albert had got there and I had a funny idea that he had been caught up in the crowd of runners and they had carried him along with them.

I was wrong about that, because at the 80-yard mark, there were only three runners in the race—Tommy Hardy, Jack Traves and Albert Fording. You couldn't have separated them with a needle point, they were so level.

With an amazing burst of speed, red-pants started to forge ahead, and dashed over the line two yards ahead of Tommy, with Jack Traves

a yard away third.

It was the biggest hot-over I've ever seen in my life. The crowd was completely silent for ten seconds, then it let out a roar that nearly lifted the roof off the pavilion. The members of Albert's committee looked as sick as a dog with dysentery. And, didn't they get a chaffing from the crowd! The tables had been turned with a vengeance, naturally enough, and one of the committee had backed Albert, and some of them had betted heavily.

Albert collected his winnings and quickly tore himself away from the crowd.

Quite by chance, I witnessed the final episode of the bout.

I had to go to the railway station that night to enquire about a parcel. It was before ten o'clock, and the train for the South did not leave until eleven; there was hardly a light at the station and it seemed deserted except for a porter at the far end of the platform. I was walking towards him when I heard voices in a dimly-lighted recess.

I recognised Albert Fording's voice and I stopped. I was in the darkness, but I could see him talking to a dark, stocky chap that I had never seen before.

Albert was sober, but his companion had obviously been celebrating the big win.

"What we got to catch the train for?" I heard the dark chap say.

"Because the sooner we're out of here the better," replied Albert.

"Now look; you came to the Mount ter was it Hundred Right? Nobody knew you was a bush chump? Right? Specially with th' runner's style you've got."

Darlie pulled to giggle, but Albert kept silent.

"The books that called themselves your committee played right into your hands, Right? I came to th' Mount two days ago and backed you for a fortune with my money all yours, Right? What with prize money an' winner bets, we've cleaned up over five thousand smackers, Right? Now you want ter clear out of th' place before we've got a chance ter really celebrate. Whatfor?"

"Because if the crowd knew what we've done, they'd tear us to pieces. We're going so that even if I have to take you in a straight-jacket."

I had heard enough and tipped away. I decided I was not obliged to tell anyone what I had heard and I never have until now.

But I could not help chuckling hard to myself all the way home, because from Albert's point of view, the joke had been a very practical one.

## HOW GOOD IS THE NEW CHRYSLER ROYAL?

A few weeks ago Chrysler Australia lifted the veil from their new, sensational "Royal" model, which, in one stroke, replaced all previous Dodge, DeSoto and Plymouth cars.

This new car, with its push button transmission, power steering, and power brakes, has been described at length in every motoring publication — invariably in glowing terms.

Nobody as yet, however, has published a FULL ROAD TEST of the new Chrysler Royal — which is where Australia's Top Motoring Magazine, "Wheels", comes in!

At Chrysler's invitation, "Wheels" went to Adelaide and test drove each of the new Chrysler models around the company's own 200-mile-long proving course. "Wheels" collected searching tests — not of "brand new" cars, unable to yield full performance — but of works vehicles which have already undergone many thousands of miles of arduous proving, equal to two or three years' use in a private owner's hands.

The results, written in popular road test style, appear in "Wheels".

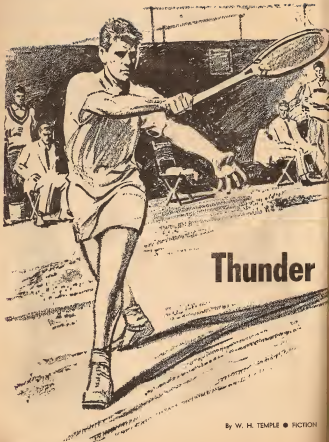
"Wheels" brings you, too, the motoring history of comedian Jack Davey, the history of the Motor "A", "and, Fast ever body", race impressions of the new Thunder Hawk. How to have your car re-sprayed for only £3 — and a wealth of other togetherness motoring reading.

Reserve your copy of "Wheels" now with your newspaper!





*"He writes very well. I don't know whether to see a lawyer or a publisher."*



# Thunder

By W. H. TEMPLE • FICTION

Bob Kimble labelled himself as a good tennis player,

but he was not good enough after he met the arrogant Kyle.

THEY put down the red carpet when Bob Kimble came to Harwell College. He didn't expect any welcome, but two men were there to meet him—big men on Harwell, anxious to show him around, help him get settled. He couldn't quite figure it out. He was just a smalltown guy, after all, a string-bean character with battered luggage and a couple of tennis bats.

But the boys couldn't do enough for him. He was an exciting as a freshman and the fraternities were rushing the prospects. Kimble was deluged with invitations. The boys wanted to get him alone for the Union dance on Saturday night, they told him the best places to eat, and for a week or so, Bob Kimble didn't quite get the pitch. Then another freshman enlightened him.

"I guess you didn't see that issue of the paper," he said. "It came out the day before you got here. I think I still have a copy around."

The freshman dug it out and showed it to Kimble. On an inside page was the headline, **STAR TENNIS PROSPECT ENROLLS AT HARWELL**. The article quoted Dan Bailey, the tennis coach, as saying that Bob Kimble was one of the finest young tennis stars ever to come to Harwell.

kind of middle-class people. He was invited and moved into the house.

The fraternity president, Tex Hoyle, said, "Frankly, Bob, we never expected to get you. We're not the poorest fraternity on campus by a long shot—we've got a swell gang—but we figured you'd be too snooty for us."

"Just so you're not sorry you plucked me," Bob said.

"Well, it's a feather in our cap," Tex told him. "A red-hot tennis boy like you. And this campus is really tennis minded. We may not have the best football team in the section, but we'll tackle anyone at tennis. And we hear you're really the goods."

Bob Kimble felt a little chill go down his spine. He began to dislike the coach whom he had never even met, although the guy had watched him play once. His athletic scholarship had been arranged through the main.

A week later when the college had settled down to classes, Kimble decided to unlimber his tennis arm. He went down to the courts. They had a nice layout, a small building right there with lockers and showers. Coach Bailey greeted him.

"Been wandering, when you'd show up," he said. "If you hadn't

shots were working and he had one of those days when he could gauge the backline to the inch. He wrapped it up quickly six games to love.

"A natural," Coach Bailey said. "Once in maybe twenty years a coach gets a guy like you. It's a funny thing. You look clumsy, you look like a guy who'd trip over his big feet—"

Bob grinned at him. "I do," he said. "You should see me on a dance floor."

"But on a tennis court you're perfect," Bailey said. "You don't know how good I feel, Bob. The thing is this. Every coach gets good years and bad ones and I've just been going through some lean ones. Now I think we're on the way back up. I've got a couple other freshmen who look good. Jamison and Kyle. But you're the number one man."

Bob Kimble was embarrassed. "Would I prove it," he asked. "I might get a top head—"

"Not you," Bailey said. "I can tell you won't. You know why? Because of the fraternity you joined. You could have picked the smoothest outfit on campus. Then I'd have started to worry. But you didn't. Shows you've got a level head."

Kimble liked Dan Bailey. He decided that Harwell was a wonderful school, and he felt that way right up until the next spring. Even then for a while it was fine. The squad worked out every day and he got acquainted with the other men. The varsity were seniors, and it was the new squad that everyone was interested in. In the locker room one day Kyle spoke to him. He didn't look like a tennis player; he had the build of a football lineman, thickset, with heavy legs and shoulders; but he could move with amazing agility.

"How's the great man today?" Kyle said in the locker room. "How's Fanny Dan?"

"I guess you mean me," Bob said. "What's eating you?"

"Mister Big," Kyle said. "I've swallowed about enough of it. Been hearing about you all year. I got a tennis scholarship, too. I played in a city on public courts. Maybe that's why I don't rate. But I played better guys than you ever played. Even if they didn't happen to have daugh—"

"You got me wrong," Bob said. "What makes you think I have?"

"I don't even want to talk to you," Kyle said. "I'm just waiting for the day I take you apart."

## at the net

Kimble's friend said, "And you know Harwell. They've had some good ones here before. The coach must really be high on you."

"He only saw me once," Bob Kimble said. "Sure, I won a couple of tournaments, but the opposition was no good. I've never met any of the top boys. They put two strokes on me. I've got to deliver or else." He paused a moment. "That's why the big fraternity stink. I'm glad I found out in time."

"You're not going to join?" his friend said.

"Oh, I'll join one," Kimble said. "But I'll pick and choose a little more carefully. I'll try and pick some guys in my league."

He was out to dinner at a fraternity almost every night. They all wanted him and finally he decided on the Phi Epsilons. They didn't have the biggest house on campus. But he liked the fellows, they looked ordinary and his

came down today I'd have gone over to your flat and dragged you down here." Bailey grinned at him and pumped his hand. "Glad to have you with us."

He saw what kind of man Bailey was then — fast-talking, quick-moving, brimming over with vitality. A swell gent in every way, a man who couldn't keep from being enthusiastic. Kimble knew then one reason why Harwell had good tennis teams.

He warmed up with Sams and then they went to work. Bob went back to serve. He was punctually time and angular. His lean form jack-knifed and a white blur filled across the court, looked up dust and went past Sams for an ace. Four times he sent him for the game.

Sams went back to serve and Kimble felt loose, the tension left him. He pounded at the corners with his forehead and backhand, and took the net occasionally. His

Bailey's pet. That loud-mouthed slob.

Bob reddened. "Say what you want about me. Leave the coach out of it or I'll close that yap of yours."

He didn't see Kyle again except at a distance on the courts until a week later when Bailey called the two of them together.

"This is it," he said. "See what kind of a game you can give him, Kyle. Three out of five sets."

They warmed up and Kimble was serving. He leaned into the first one, pounding it to the backhand. Kyle moved like a cat and got it back, a sloppy return but over the net. Kimble loomed it into the corner and Kyle was there, sending up a lob at midcourt.

Bob dashed up to it, went high in the air and smashed the ball away for the point. Cheers came up from the gallery.

He went back to serve again and three points later they were at deuce. It went to fourth. Bob really pounded his first serve, Kyle just stood and watched the ball go by his racket for an end.

They changed courts. Kyle had a tricky twist service, but Bob could handle it. He was winning, even though Kyle was making him work. He knew he couldn't let down against him. The set ended six games to two.

They began the second set. It was about the same, Kimble thought, except that he was beginning to tire a little. But he won by the same score, six to two.

Kyle slapped his face with a towel. "That was your trying," he said. "Now I get started."

They began again and Bob felt the sharpness leave his racket. He was not worried. He had gone at high speed for two sets and when he dropped the third one at six games to four, it was only what he had to expect.

They began the fourth one and Kyle was running as hard as he had in the first set, driving the ball back steadily. Games went to four all, to six all, and finally Kyle took the set at nine games to seven.

Bob Kimble was dog-tired. He tried to pull himself together but when he began serving in the final set he knew his cannonball was gone. He tried the twist, but he had always relied on speed. Kyle moved in and murdered the twist serve. He took him six games to four and that was it.

Bailey walked back to the lockers with Bob Kimble. He did not seem at all perturbed. "Nice game," he said. "That Kyle can run all day. Never be a star, but he'll be a wonderful number two man behind you."

"Maybe I'll be the two man," Kimble said.

Bailey laughed. "You got pooped, first time out. Why shouldn't you? You'll murder the guy when you're really in shape."

In the locker room Kyle was jabbing. "You Fanny-flows are all alike," he said. "No guts. I guess the fraternity won't celebrate tonight."

Bob stared at him and thought maybe he knew what was wrong with Kyle. "You don't belong to a fraternity, do you?" he said. "A lot of guys don't. It doesn't matter. But if you want to join, I'll speak to the fellows."

"Put on the damn cap, stupid," Kyle said. "Or are you just playing dumb? Maybe you don't know the Phi Epsilon blackball rule. I wasn't good enough for them."

Bob went back to the fraternity. They all told him he would get Kyle next time without any trouble.

"Tim not too sure," Kimble said. "I hope so." Kyle told me he was blackballed.

"We rushed him," Tex said. "But he checked his weight around. Generally made himself offensive and we decided we didn't want any part of him."

A few days later he played Kyle again, two sets this time and Bob won them both. And two weeks after that Bailey set up a tourney to raise the freshman squad. The players moved according to expectations and in the finals Kimble met Kyle in another three out of five sets match.

They went out on the court and Bob tried to hold himself in, to keep a reserve; but he couldn't do that and play his style of tennis. He had to go all out to win. He took the first set in eight games, the second in nine, and then Kyle came on and the pattern began to unfold. With his back to the wall, growing weaker as Kyle grew stronger, he went down.

Even Bailey had no argument against that. "Kyle is number one man," he said.

He spoke to Kimble in private. "I hated to do it; you belong on top."

"Not so long as he can beat me,"

"What happens out there?" Bailey asked.

"I just ran out of gas after a while," Bob said. "It looks like you made a mistake. I'd never played anyone as good as Kyle until I came here."

Bailey said, "I don't understand it. You've got all the strokes you need."

"But not the guts," Bob Kimble said. "Sorry I let you down."

Bob Kimble began to worry about other things. The men in Phi Epsilon were very friendly and he wondered if that were put on. They were stuck with him, that was the truth of the matter, they had pledged him and they couldn't get rid of him. He began to spend most of his time in his room rather than with the gang downstairs. He worked on his tennis but something had happened there, and his game began to fall apart. He couldn't gauge his distance any longer.

The team played its first match of the season. Kyle won his match and playing at number two Bob Kimble won the first set, and lost the rest. Bailey didn't say any thing. Back at the fraternity the fellows muttered, "Tough luck," and he went up to his room after dinner.

The tennis season became a nightmare. He managed to win one match out of the season's dual play matches. In the tournament that followed the regular season he won his first two matches, then ran into Kyle again and was stopped in four sets.

He was glad when the season ended and when college closed for the year ten days later. He went home but he couldn't forget tennis and at home, at least, he was not letting anyone down. He played the best man he could find and the story was the same. Against a really good player he could go two sets and then he faded up, the steam gone from his racket.

He was sorry when the summer ended. It was not going to be easy, going back to Harvard with that stigma riding him. He arrived on campus and went over to the fraternity, and he didn't feel right there. The boys were carried over some of the prospects. "We've got a high school football star lined up," Tex said. "A ball of fire in scholastic competition. Of course he may not measure up to college play—you never can tell." "The guy flop like I did," Kimble said.

Tex looked up quickly, his face flushed. "I didn't say that."

He didn't say it, Kimble thought, but it was what he meant, what they all thought about him. The next day he quietly moved out and took a room in a boarding house on the far side of the campus.

He went down to the tennis courts a few days later and great of Coach Bailey, and then he went over and challenged Kyle to a match.

Kyle grinned crookedly at him. "I hit some good tournaments this past summer. I moved in your set, the high-schooler tennis clubs. Come on, I'll show you something."

They went out on the court and he couldn't even take two sets from Kyle this time. His game was shot to pieces. He went down in straight sets and that was that for the time being.

He wasn't mingling with his former friends. After classes he went back to his room and hit the books. At least he tried to, more often he sat at his desk staring out the window. One afternoon he saw the cross-country squad going by. His boarding house was on the edge of town, and he watched the cross-country men straggling along a path and then disappearing into the woods. Kimble stared after them, and the next afternoon when the men came by he joined them.

He went with them that day for a fourteen-mile run and came back exhausted. A hot shower helped but his muscles were lame and drawn the next morning. It was all he could do that afternoon to draw himself out of the hole and pose the group when they came by.

But he kept it up. He kept it up all autumn although he did not become an official member of the squad or enter any of the tournaments. He was not good at it, he was no match for the barred



charmed boys who could run all day over hilly terrain. When the men really wanted to run they left him far behind. But he did not quit; he went each day to the end of the trail, and he kept it up when the leaves had fallen from the trees.

The snow stopped him finally and then he went to the gym. He worked out there each day on the indoor track.

He was waiting now for spring, for the courts to thaw and dry out, and finally the notice was posted throughout the college halls calling the tennis contestants.

He went down to the courts and took it slowly, working on his shots, holding himself in until the big day came to pick the varsity team. They had a good squad on hand this year.

Billy said to Kimble, "Kyle has to be my number one man. I don't know who's going to be number two. Probably between you, Kimble, and Tyson. In these matches I don't know whether to have Tyson go against Kyle—"

"I want Kyle," Kimble said.

Billy stared at him, then said, "He's made it tough for you. I guess you're entitled to another crack at him if that's what you want."

Kimble was serving. He went back to the line and tossed the ball high and it was in there, an ace. Four points later he had won the game.

It didn't mean anything. Kyle came back strongly to hold his own service and Kimble found that his long tennis layoff had not done his game any good. He had counted on a plan for this match, to win the first two sets.

But Kyle was baffling him on even terms in the first one. They went to eleven and Kimble went back to serve again. The first one was long, the second caught the chalkline and Kyle slammed it down the centre. Bob hit to the corner and raced in to the net.

Kyle, that preceding summer, had learned to lob. He sent up one now, a perfect shot that hit the backline coming down. Love-

thirteen.

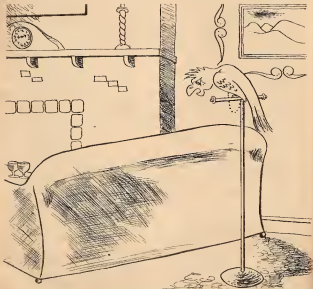
Kimble served again and an ace covered the court. He put another serve in with speed on the ball. Kyle pounded it right back at his feet and he couldn't handle it. Kyle led, thirty-fifteen. It went to thirty-all, to ad and deuce, and then Kyle's ad.

The first serve cracked against the top of the net and fell back. He put in the second serve and Kyle drove it straight down the sideline. Kimble moved over in front of the ball and cross-courted. Kyle was nowhere near the ball but it was outside by an inch.

Kyle held his own service to take the set. Thirty minutes later he had won the second set six games to three.

Bob Kimble walked slowly across the court. The plan had slipped. His timing was shot, he couldn't get past on the ball and keep it in court. Kyle had become quite a tennis player.

They started in again and for three games Kyle continued to set the pace. He was leading three



"Polly wants a sweater . . . or shoe!"

gumes to love when Bob Kimble won his nerve to make it three games to one.

He went back to assist Kyle's service and the ball came down the middle. He drove to the far corner, and then raced in and again Kyle lobbed. He dashed back and took the ball on the bounce and Kyle was at the net. Bob aimed for the corner and rifled his forehead. It hit a good two feet inside for the point.

He felt exhilarated suddenly. His shots were beginning to feel right. Four points later he had broken through. He held his own service and made it three games apiece. He took the next three games and it was two sets to one.

They had a ten-minute rest on the sidelines. Kyle said, "Don't get cocky, champ. I let you have that one. I made you run and I let you have it. Now comes the time when you pop out. You're done."

They went back at it again and Kimble knew from the start how tough it was going to be. Kyle was up for this one and out to end it without a fifth set.

Neither man could break his opponent's service. They played ten games without a break. Bob Kimble held his service to go ahead at six games to five.

He slumped at his end of the court, then tried to pull a reserve strength from his body and legs. The ball was coming in on the backhand. He moved to meet it, smashed it down the sidelines. Kyle cross-court, making him run. He got in front of the ball and pounded it back at Kyle. He kept running back and forth as Kyle skillfully took the offensive. But he kept getting it back and finally Kyle hit one just too hard. He evaded it at fifteen-all. It went to thirty-all and Kyle served again. Kimble took the ball on his forehand and aimed for the distant corner. He put everything he had behind a forehand drive and saw the ball smack into the dirt just at the corner. But Kyle had got there. He was driving it back and Kimble was bringing it toward the net.

He moved his racket across his body and the ball bounced off the gut and dead while Kyle came frantically rushing toward it.

Advantage to Kimble. He waited for the serve and once again Kyle was running him from side to side. He played get serves, concentrating only on getting to the ball, driving it back and letting Kyle call his shots.

And finally Kyle made the kill in the corner.

But Bob Kimble went after the high bounding ball. He leaped and swung at the ball and it was going back across the net and Kyle, for once, was out of position. He started too late and the ball died before he got to it.

They had two sets apiece. They began again and Bob Kimble didn't know whether he could go another set or not. He served and the duel began and then Kyle, trying for a ball in the corner, fell and sprawled full-length on the court. He



"I see what you mean. Not enough padding."

was slow getting up, and Kimble walked toward the net.

"Too hurt?" he said.

Kyle shook his head and Kimble, staring at him, saw that Kyle was exhausted. The iron man had finally been worn down. He was crumbling all at once.

It was a low game. Kyle served and there was no again in his racket any longer. Kimble made three straight points, lost one, and took the next for an easy break-through.

It was plain and simple slaughter after that. Kyle recovered briefly to take one service but that was the end. Kimble ran it out, six games to one.

Kyle shook his head and staggered off. He had plans for Kyle, Kimble thought, he wasn't really a bad guy when he let that clip off his shoulder. They ought to have him in the fraternity.

But meanwhile Bob Kimble had plans of his own. He walked across the campus and went through the doors of Phi Kappa for the first time since the preceding September. It was near the dinner hour; the main room was thronged with men. They looked up and stared at the tall slim

figure in the doorway.

"Hi, gang," Kimble said. "I've come back."

They stared at him. Nobody said anything.

"I beat Kyle today," he said. "So I've come back."

Tex Hoyle got up slowly. "You walked out on us last autumn."

Bob Kimble wondered if they still didn't want him. Nobody seemed at all friendly.

"I beat Kyle," he repeated. "Ladies, gentlemen," Tex Hoyle growled.

"Do you think we pledged you because we thought you could play tennis? The guys liked you, they thought you'd be a good guy to have in the house. If you could play tennis that was a extra dividend. It wasn't important. We liked you and pledged you and then you walked out. Without a word. You mean you thought we were the kind of guys who wouldn't want you around unless you were a big shot?"

Bob Kimble's heart was pounding. "I guess I was wrong. I made a dope of myself."

The dinner bell rang suddenly. He stared there beautifully and then Tex Hoyle grinned and said, "Come in and eat, pal. Welcome home." ●

# I Searched for

By WILMON MENARD • FACT



**I KNOW** where you can start looking for ten million dollars in gold ingots. And in the process of trying to find it you'll be able to see how you measure up against underwater monsters of sharks, octopuses and barracuda, and other marine monsters.

If you're afflicted with the same type of fever that I am, you'll lose all inhibitions for the thrill of a search. Once, I mortgaged my home to the hilt to finance a pirate-gold expedition. I'm sure that most of my friends and acquaintances think I'm a little touched. I really don't think I'd make much of a bargain as a husband — I'd always be off digging for phantom Corsair's gold.

The ten million dollars of pirate treasure I speak of is buried somewhere in the maze of treacherous low coral atolls of the Tuamotu, or Dangerous Archipelago, in the far South Pacific (north-east of Tahiti). It is in an area of doldrums, hurricanes, deceptive currents and coral reefs just swash. Marine insurance companies won't underwrite craft sailing into this hazardous section of the South Sea. You're strictly on your own in more ways than one. But the sight of the bleached ribs of schooners hung high on coral reefs will convince you that a miscalculation in navigation or timing can end disastrously.

And if you're still of a mind to hunt for it, I can also add that your expedition won't be the first. There have been more than sixteen separate quests for this treasure. Some ventured into the Dangerous Isles with limited finances, others had large schooners, expensive equipment and were generously sponsored. Dozens of skilled Tuamotuan divers have been crippled for life, or killed, by the "beret" scouring the bottom of the lagoons of the many atolls of this remote group of coral isles; three whose men became deranged over the disappointment and financial loss of the venture; two white men went below with diving bells at one atoll and were never seen again; four schooners hit coral

*(Native fishermen at Papeete (above) use flaming torches to attract fish at dusk. At left is a crude cartopier canoe used by natives in gathering pearlshell.)*



# PIRATE GOLD...



The author examining part of Puaia's legend, where the pirate treasure was thought to be hidden.

*Undaunted by narrow escapes from the mouths of marine monsters, adventurer Menard went searching for a fabulous pirate treasure on a South Seas atoll.*

rocks in storms and sank with loss of life and property. Almost a quarter million dollars have been spent to date on these fruitless expeditions.

When I heard of the ten million dollar pirate cache I lost no time in verifying the true facts of the theft. The old documents and reports I saw in Lima, Peru, convinced me that this stolen cargo of gold and jewels had been taken across the South Pacific and was, without a doubt, buried on some atoll of the Dangerous Archipelago.

Just recently I tried to find this treasure. The late James Noyman Hall, co-author with Charles Nordhoff of the *Boatsy Unology*, had first mentioned the existence of this cache to me, during a chat at the Cercle Bougainville Club in Papeete, Tahiti, in 1931. Inasmuch as it was a 19th century piracy, the lore was not weighted down

with exaggerations or fantasy, which can occur over centuries. The facts were irrefutable. Approximately ten million dollars worth of gold ingots, marked by lion designs, and jewels had been pilaged from a topaz schooner off the Peruvian coast on the latter part of 1829.

The treasure was being transported northward from Papeo, Peru, to a new Jesuit community on the coast for safekeeping, on fear of a Jesuit program instituted by the military government of Peru. The pirates—seamen aboard the schooner, led by an American by the name of Arthur Brown—killed the first mate, the Captain Thompson, and then murdered the four pirates who were guarding the chests, burying them at sea. The topaz schooner was then put about on another course across the South Pacific in the direction of Tahiti.

Hall had told me: "I have an idea, the loot is somewhere on Puaia Atoll in the Fomotu Group."

This belief was well substantiated. The native chief of Nukunavake Atoll, 8 miles northwest of Puaia, had reported to the Governor of Tahiti in 1850 that a topaz schooner had sailed past Nukunavake in this year, taking a detour for the uninhabited Puaia. A pearl diver, who approached the atoll in his sailing-boat, to investigate the strange vessel, swore that he had seen chests being taken ashore in a dinghy by bearded white men.

The final chapter of this piracy was told by an Irishman by the name of Kilbride, one of the four pirates, who had died in 1910 in a convent-hospital in Christchurch, New Zealand, to a Scotsman, Charles Howe, who had befriended him while he was dying.



"It's for a lady's honour . . . each wants a chance at it!"

in the charity ward. He had described to Howe the coral reef formation and landmarks of this atoll where they had buried the chests, and then the hazardous voyage, island-hopping, to northern Australia in the leaking schooner, where, lest it be identified as the perished schooner, they had scuttled it, running ashore in the dinghy and telling a story of their schooner sinking in a storm at sea.

The other three pirates, Arthur Brown, Luke Barrett and Alvarez, a Spaniard, had met violent ends in the goldfields of Australia while trying to earn quick money gambling to outfit another schooner to retrieve their chests.

Howe, after Killoran's death, had verified the pining of the Pisco gold and jewels with the Peruvian Government, and the subsequent landing of the shipwrecked seamen in northern Australia. Encouraged by this truth, he had gone to the Tuamotus in 1912, with sufficient money and provisions to search twelve years if necessary, for this trove. And he did spend twelve years as a modern Robinson Crusoe on a lonely forgotten atoll of the Tuamotus that corresponded to Killoran's hazy description.

James Norman Hall and Charles

Nordhoff, on one of their early books on South Seas travel and adventure, *Four Islands of the South Seas*, described meeting Charlie Howe on his atoll, in 1919, and mentioned him as "This strange Scot on his island crisscrossed with trenches". Howe, in his feverish search, had dug furrows in every direction all over the small atoll.

Many residents of Tahiti and the Tuamotus thought that Howe was insane, others were sure he was on the verge of uncovering the chests, and they had leaped in his hunt. Finally, harassed by the French Colonial Administration from his atoll for the unlicensed selling of copra and pearl shell, Howe tried to promote other treasure expeditions to the Tuamotus, but was unsuccessful. He was later killed in an automobile accident while dashing recklessly across a street to keep an appointment with a prospective investor.

Nevertheless, his original search for the Pisco pirate gold inspired many treasure-seekers to prowling among the countless coral atolls of the Tuamotu Archipelago.

Two weeks after my arrival in France's "Pars of the Pacific", Papeete, I was off to look for the Pisco treasure.

The Tahitian shipper shouted to

me above the roar of the auxiliary engine as we moved out of the red-lacquered lagoon of Papeete: "I think you have good luck and find that gold!" He pointed upward to an albatross that followed our wake. "That bird saves fine lagoon days!"

When the schooner was slanting away in the southeast trade toward the Dangerous Isles, the native skipper came to my side in the bow. "But the many papoos (white men) who have hunted for the Peruvian gold" he exclaimed, striking his open palm against his brow forehead. "Aha! Aha! First they happen like keds; then, as months go by-bye and money all gone, they get cross-brains and get sick. Swear and drink and talk like hell. They scoundrel some again. It is pafce (cancer) put on them who hunt gold again with blood!"

Finally Atoll, my destination, was a far-flung dot of coral in one of the loneliest sections of the Tuamotus. I felt I knew this atoll intimately. I had read everything concerning it. I could put my hands on. The coral side was to be found at 18° 28' South, 138° 42' West, and was barely over a mile in diameter, with a rim of six feet above highwater mark. All that grew on this atoll were coconut palms and pandanus (screw-pine). The scores of coconut planted islets encircled a central lagoon. It was only inhabited during the copra and pearling seasons. The native copra workers would be there at about the time I would visit it.

Ten days later, after numerous stops at atolls of the Tuamotus, we were sailing toward the reefs of Papeete, and I was ready to have a go at the Peruvian treasure, relying upon a pair of good lungs, a couple of cases of dynamite, a long pointed steel shaft — and a superabundance of enthusiasm.

There was only a handful of natives from Nukunavaka, Papeete, and surprisingly, they seemed entirely uninterested in my quest. The schooner skipper informed me that they had ceased looking for the treasure long ago, for they had finally decided that the evil gods of the islands had placed a terrible curse upon the eight chests, and that no living mortal would ever find them.

The second day after my arrival I drilled holes in the hard coral crust on the south-western end of the atoll, which was bare of vegetation, and started blasting. At the end of the first week my dynamite was exhausted and, likewise, the patience of the native copra workers. I had seriously injured their nerves and their noon day slumps. But it was evident that the treasure was not buried in this section.

The headman of the natives did thank me, however, for providing so many water holes and natural cisterns to catch rain and hold the purifying filtrations of the sea water, which could be used for cooking and washing. The rest of the atoll had been explored by previous expeditions, so I gave my

regard to the wide lagoon and numerous cays.

The following week I spent as a poogle-fisherman, with a pair of diving-glasses affixed to my eyes and a native strong wrapped around my loins. Deep into the placid blue lagoon of Funaki I dived and anxiously scanned the irregular floor. Traces of other past searching parties were in evidence. Spallise holes had been made by drill and dynamite over a wide radius. Near the center of the lagoon was a deep excavation, a permanent scar of failure made by a wee lily tremore-sucker from Lynn, Massachusetts, who had set off sufficient explosives to wipe out a small town.

I had bloodshot eyes, sore muscles and severe scratches at the end of my second week's diving. Now and then when I came to the surface from too-long re-breathes below my nose bled blue, a venerable native of Nuku-

tovaiki, took me aside to dispense advice. He shook his head worriedly over my waterlogged body. "Blenny white men dive on that lagoon, Nivene the master!" He pointed to a small cay a short distance off. "Why not for you look there, huh? Nobody go there. Bad pifoe (cave) keep natives away."

The next morning I launched an outrigger canoe across the still lagoon, and paddled to a point of the lagoon designated by him. I anchored the canoe and then inspected the floor of this coral-encrusted light through a glass-paned waterlock. The crystalline water was untruffled and the marine garden which spread out below me could be seen as clearly as if viewed under an immense magnifying glass, making shapes and sizes of sea life and plants appear gigantic and unreal. No soil or mud fouled the transparent depths, nor was there any debris

floating, so the coral was hard and brittle and therefore shed no particles to cloud the clarity of the water. The shifting sunlight weaved in wide ribbons of light through the aquamarine and was reflected from the coarse sandy bottom and stark white coral ledges, shooting through the green translucent again and again in diffused rays, creating halos around coral protuberances and spaces and casting deep shadows in coral caverns where lagoon monsters were possibly ensconced. The sun's rays slanted and filtered through the rough, uneven windows of giant pagodas and minarets and poured in subdued patterns through interminable forests of coral trees in which blue butterfly-fishes darted. Now a shaft of light would transfix the sliding body of a barracuda, a small lagoon shark, or the green spray stream of a twining, convulsive conger-eel. It was going to be a



"I thought of retiring, but I'd only hang around here and ruin my reputation."

dangerous place for diving, and I would certainly have to keep a strict vigilance at all times for underwater menaces.

I jolted myself out of my reverie over the fabulous sea-scapes. I was now to hunt giant treasure, not to admire oceanic life. I inhaled deeply, expelled a puff of air from my lungs and dropped below. I quickly reached bottom, twenty-five feet down and started gliding like a trained seal along the uneven floor, making sure to keep my limbs out of contact with poisonous coral growths which grew everywhere and the passing shells of giant poison (cardinal) clams, which often snag the limbs of

ray flow off over the coral hillocks, like a huge Dredgeman sea-vampire, and then I shot for the surface for a fresh supply of oxygen.

I left early in the morning and returned to the beach at twilight. It took me at least two weeks to inspect slowly this section of the lagoon. I looked under every coral fish and mushroom, behind every purple gorgonian and brain-coral stump; I ventured into dark caverns; I plunged my arm in the shoulder into numerous holes, proving a tortoisene handshake with a disturbed octopus. Once, I recall, I almost bumped noses with a seven foot shark. He came up suddenly out of the blue murk,

ward the rest-pass, and then I swam upward to my canoe. My luck had been phenomenal. Had the shark been out foraging, it might have been another story.

Another time, while exploring a large coral ravine, the light suddenly faded, as if a dark cloud had spread over the lagoon. I glanced up worriedly. Barely ten feet above me was swimming a huge rose, a man-eating rock- and sea-of-the-most-dangerous-monsters-of-the-deep. I huddled behind a coral ledge until it had passed. Then I lost no time reaching the surface!

The preliminary survey work over, I settled down to the hard work. Using the heavy painted rod I sounded every few feet of this area of the lagoon. I pried the crust of the lagoon floor as I glided swiftly over it, and at points where I sighted indications I struck harder. But not once did my treasure-seeking javelin break through, indicating a thin coral crust hiding the eight chests of gold and jewels. I had calculated the years and knew down to the barest sixteenth of an inch the covering of coral that would cover the chests had they been buried here; my metal staff would pierce such a layer of coral.

What kept me to this dangerous and grueling task? Oh, I suppose you could call it grim determination, or the formula for a wild scheme to get rich quickly.

Yes, my method of underwater treasure-hunting was extremely dangerous.

One afternoon I saw what I imagined to be a length of manila rope (perhaps the rope by which the pirates lowered the chests into the lagoon?), and I grasped it tentatively—only to discover it was the tentacle of a large octopus. A sudden jet of siphon shot from the coral growth, enveloping my head and shoulders. I dropped the tentacle and veered away, but not soon enough. A tentacle snaked out and caught my ankle—and I was securely anchored. Because the octopus' other tentacles were thickly entwined in the fissures and holes of the coral, my predicament for a few seconds was one close to panic. Fortunately, my arms and one leg were free. I slashed down hard with my shark-knife, severed the thin end of the tentacle, and swam for the surface. Thereafter, I kept my hands off "lines" dangling out of coral caverns.

Once, I went out with the natives in an outrigger-canoe to do some paid fishing with barbed hooks. I hooked a fish—a barracuda I supposed—and jerked it aboard. It was a mighty heave-ho and the catch snapped hard from the surface. It sailed high into the air, writhing convulsively. With a wet smack it landed in the bottom of the sailing craft. The hook came free! I stared, egg-eyed. The natives scrambled to safety, pulling hoarsely. It was a scar-covered, more than six feet long, jaundice yellow, reptilian head and needle sharp teeth; eyes like black



"Oh! It's that dog, Bill . . . he's back with a wolf he met in a fox-hole."

drove underwater, drowning the unlucky victim.

Then sudden danger! I was rounding a huge coral fan when I saw a sudden movement on the sandy floor two feet away. I froze, sensing imminent menace. A marmoset black stingray hid itself snugly in flight, the whiplike tail lashing murderously. I scrambled swiftly behind the protection of the coral fan, and none to seen, for the spiked tail struck the coral fringe hardly six inches from my bare arm. Had the brute's fork found its mark I would have been laid up for a long time from the poison the sting-ray could have ejected down the grooved tail-bone into my flesh. I waited until the sting-

Had I been a few feet farther on there would have been a ghastly collision. While my heart pumped violently and my entire muscular system contracted in fright, the sea-water eyed me with startled eyes. I think it was more surprised than I. The brace of pilot-fishes on either side just ahead remained motionless, like humming-birds hovering over a delectable tablet. Closer and closer the shark drifted. Cautiously I redied my metal pointer if worse came to worse it might hold off the killer. Then, abruptly, the shark veered away, giving me in passing a very liquid wink of a wicked eye. I waited until the monster had disappeared into the blue murk to-



*"You're blushing. Keep your mind off the honeymoon!"*



shoe-buttons. Incredibly savage. The monkey drew instinctively into a hard knot, then made a strike for my leg. I vaulted over the stern thwart, catching a wild Highland fling. One of the more courageous natives plucked it with a long tomtoospea. But it evaded their thrusts and slithered after me into the stern. Electrifying agony would result from a bite, poisonous or not. A native now picked up the crude native gaff and parried it, but the giant monkey wriggled closer. In another second it'd be over the side. I cursed roundly. The monkey was close—it gathered itself for a vicious lunge. A tomto lance pierced its body in five places. With a roar of rage, I seized a machete and severed its head. What a monstrous head, indeed! Privately, I'd sooner take my chances with a rattlesnake. The giant monkey attacks without

provocation, and is without a doubt the worst dispositioned citizen of the deep.

Late one morning I found a strange coral fragment underwater, which I brought to the surface. Breaking it into small pieces I was suddenly galvanized to see a small round object fall into the bottom of the canoe. Seizing it quickly and holding it up to the sun, I saw it was a Spanish coin—and Jacobello! The writing on it was clearly visible: *Jacobello per la S. M. de Dios Y La Cruz*—and the date 1534! My heart gave a mighty surge and my fingers trembled. I knew that the only Spanish explorer in this section of the far South Pacific had been Pedro Fernandez de Queros, declared by many authorities to be the discoverer of Tahiti in 1606. Was this a dropped coin of a larger and richer cache? At least

one thing seemed fairly significant. Queros had come through the Tuamotu Archipelago on his way to Tahiti, and possibly he had anchored off Paaki and come ashore. Or perhaps a sailor from his galloon had dropped a coin over the shimmering South Pacific, across the reef and into the lagoon. It was rumored that Queros had piloted a Chinese junk near the Philippines and had looted it of valuables, which he bartered before returning to Spain, where he would have been compelled to hand over his spoils. It is recorded that Queros discovered a Tuamotu atoll on February 10th, 1606, which he had named *La Conversion del San Pablo*. Could it have been Paaki, and had he buried his piloted treasure here?

In my excitement I hired the entire village of copra workers to dive and scour the bottom of the

lagoon where I had found the coin. But after two days of fruitless endeavour I finally called a halt. After all, my examination was age old. The coin could very easily have been flung victoriously into the lagoon by a madman from Tahiti, who, fired by the memory of the treacherous Spaniard lover who had tossed it into her lap and taken her favours and then sailed off to distant lands, saw no value, or seeking memory-impairing in it.

For all my days spent in Punaiki, which lengthened into three months, I had taught but coral cuts, close contacts with death in the jaws of underwater monsters and a drop sense of momentary defeat—and, Oh, yes, an Isabella coin. My money had run out, and my time was up. But I did have the satisfaction before I left Punaiki of erecting a sign at the edge of the particular area of my search. I burned my message into the blanché schooner plank I had ripped off a wreck at the reef passage. Don't waste your time looking for the pirate treasure in this part of the lagoon!

I'm convinced that somewhere in the Dangerous Islands, no doubt at Punaiki, is buried the ten million dollars of gold and jewels paraded off Pisco, Peru. Perhaps a youngster, living on one of the remote coral atolls of the Dangerous Archipelago, will follow in his peering grandfather's bare footprints, and one day he will see his load weight and drop below the surface. When he returns from his underwater occu-

sion, he might give solid credence to the verse:

"Are there not, dear Michael, two points in the adventure of a diver?

One — when a beggar, he prepares to plunge,

One — when a prince, he rises with a possit!"

In this instance, the youth might alight to the surface with a gold coin clamped between his teeth.

When I arrived back in Tahiti, pearl trader Rawlings was the first man who greeted me at the island club. He came rushing up the stairs, two at a time, to the high verandah overlooking the lagoon-harbour of Papeete, pumped my hand vigorously, and then asked breathlessly: "Well, what luck did you have at Punaiki?" He dropped into a chair across from me. "Any news for hope?"

I tossed the old coin down on the table between us. "The only treasure I found is this Isabella!"

He snatched it up, snapped an eye-glass into his right socket, and studied it intently. "This doesn't happen to be an Isabella," he said finally, in a flat voice. "And the date isn't 1598." He pushed it across the table to me. "It's an Isabella, coined during the reign of Isabella the Second, between 1833 and 1835. The numeral five on successive look like an eight, particularly if it's been subjected to the effects of sea-water and coral incrustation."

I grabbed the coin and held it in the bright sunlight for closer inspection. "It looks like 1835 to

me!" I growled. I hadn't found the Peruvian treasure, but I refused to let the pearl trader talk me out of a possible historical event of de Quince's landing on Punaiki Atoll. "I choose to consider it a real Isabella."

"My dear fellow," he said, with admirable politeness, "I happen to be an expert on pearls, old coins—and history. You will please note that the coin reads 'Isabella por la G. de Dios y las Canarias'. In 1835 there was no Constitution in Spain. The Constitution was laid down in 1812, and was accepted by Fernando VII in 1820, and by Isabella the Second in 1833."

His logic was too conclusive to refute. I settled down in my chair, thoroughly depressed. Now, I didn't have so much as a rare coin for all my harrowing days under the lagoon at Punaiki, not even the consolation of historical conjecture of a gallion of de Quince's sailing off Punaiki. I dozed like a remainder of my rum with an angry gesture.

Then, suddenly, a wonderful idea flashed through my mind!

"Such coins were in circulation in Peru among the priests from Spain in 1818!" I exclaimed. I rubbed the coin between my thumb and forefinger. "This coin could very easily have been taken from the ship's cargo by the pirates, and then accidentally dropped by one of them at Punaiki!"

"Now that you mention it," mused trader Rawlings. His face brightened up. "Very likely, indeed! My God, Yes!" His lips twitched with excitement.

My disappointment was dispelled. "I'm going back again some day and have another look for the Pirate treasure," I said brightly. "But with more money and good equipment. Then I'll know for sure!"

"I'd say it's worth another try!" he exclaimed eagerly.

And some day, thank you! I shall go back to Punaiki!

A pirate treasure hunter, you must remember, is like a gold, diamond or uranium prospector. We keep exploring and seeking on strong beaches, until old age, a final sickness, or an accident, lays us low.

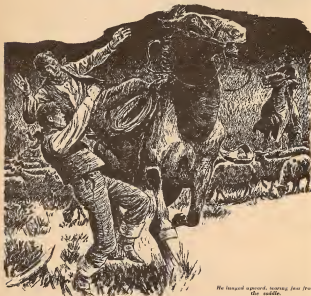
But even if I don't ever find the Pisco treasure, or a doubloon, or a piece of eight somewhere else, I don't think that I'll ever feel too badly defeated because of my consuming fever for pirate gold. My compulsion has sent me over many thousand miles of the sea, to islands that are sometimes can only read about in volumes of colourful travel. I have my memories of people and countries, temper, danger and adventure in which a human can measure his capabilities and shortcomings in a fuller understanding of self—seasours in mind which will, in later life, I'm sure, warm the cockles of any adventurer's heart.

Perhaps this reward, in the final analysis, will be infinitely more valuable than any chest of pirate gold buried in any land or in the deepest sea.



"Are you sure there's a needle in here?"

# OPEN SEASON ON SHUFFLERS



*He lunged upward, tearing free from the saddle.*

By GEORGE EATON • HORSE OPERA

CLINTON RANDEE hadn't been at all sure he liked the idea—it smelted like trouble and Clint had his own reasons about wanting to ride clear of it. But finally, over supper that night, he decided he should at least show up.

So he sat out on the alkali porch, slumped back in the chair with his feet on the rail, smoking and thinking late thoughts as the sun made its downward slant over the Big Muddy. Then, when it was full dark, he went out to the corral

and saddled his bay gelding and headed up through the north pasture into the foothills.

He kept to the unbroken woods trail, knowing that it wouldn't do to let Gracie get wind of this. And by the time a third-quarter moon was splashing its pale light on the earth he had reached it at the rendezvous, a sparsely timbered slope that overlooked the pass.

He didn't have long to wait. Two riders swung into sight around the bend in the valley road, and, a few minutes later, he saw

three more quarter out of the timber from the southwest and join them. He eased his big body down out of the saddle and stood waiting for them, trying to recognize each dark shape as they jogged nearer.

There was Scott and Ann Peterson—he had known it was she when they were still far down the road. He was able to tell by the marked contrast between her slender shape and her brother's stocky one, and had wondered at the good sense of bringing a woman into



## Could Clint turn a deaf ear to his friends' pleas after he had hung up his deadly Colts?

this. Riding up behind them were McLeary, and Farran, and Ross Oliver. "Good," he thought. "Everybody will be here. That makes a solid line-up against Orde."

He struck a light to show them where he was; then shook it out quickly.

Ann was the first to ride up. She called in soft tones. "Clint? That you?" and dropped down beside him, her hand lightly brushing his shoulder as she did so.

"I'm glad you decided to come, Clint," she said, giving his rope-corded hand a squeeze. "We'll need you."

He grinned at her in the dark, and wondered what she meant.

A moment later Scott rode up. The others followed him, crashing their mounts through the underbrush as they came up the slope.

"They exchanged brief greetings, each man waiting anxiously glad to find Clint among them."

"Well," said Scott Peterson, remarking that they all looked up to him as their leader in this "Tommygoose" day. By tomorrow Orde swears he'll have his woolens chewing High Range grass."

He paused a moment then, deliberately, a careful man weighing his words before he spoke them.

"We didn't put up an argument when he first brought in these sheep this spring."

"I reckon because you all figured if a man wasn't doing so well with beef stock and took to raising sheep instead, that was his business. And that was where we made a mistake. Seems he thinks he's got us baffled and can do as he damned well pleases."

Again he paused, this time to let his words settle into their thoughts.

"Now, I know it's legal for him to throw his outfit on to the grass to scatter it, but the High Range has been free grass. We've all agreed it up until now and if we let him take it over as sheep grass . . . Well, where do we gather our stock?"

"Buck!" put in very little Lew McLeary, smacking a bony fist into the cuffed palm of his other hand. His bright and heady eyes shined the little man's flame-tempered nature. "We've got to stop him. By dead, he can't push us around like that."

"That's just it, Lew," said the older Eric Farran lightly. "He can. He's got Uncle Sam riding him—the Land Law. And as for that wasn't enough, he's made powwow with the Evans boys and is paying them fighting wages to push his big sized through."

He lifted his snarling hat, running a nervous hand over his balding head, and his glance swung

swiftly from face to face to finally linger on the tall, heavy-shouldered shape that Clint made in the moon-shadows.

"Now, if we just had somebody who could make Orde talk turkey—somebody big enough and good enough with a gun to stand up to the Evans boys."

He left it like this, hanging in air, and Clint cracked his knuckles self-consciously as he felt everybody's eyes turn on him, waiting for him to take it up from there.

So that was it. He was the chosen one, the man that must bluff down Orde and his hired gun-slicks. It was almost as if they had planned it this way, as if this had all been a carefully rehearsed little drama meant to draw him out.

Scott cleared his throat to say something, but Clint held up his hand.

"I know what you're all thinking," he said, his low and deep voice losing the words so that they seemed meant for each man personally. "You're thinking maybe I'm your man. No doubt you're remembering that my gun used to have quite a reputation. And maybe they did. In my job I had to draw off many a man that needed killing."

He stopped a few seconds to wet his lips, and Scott tried to speak again, but Clint continued in his slow, easy manner.

"You're remembering, too, that as married I held the title on some pretty tough towns. But what you don't seem to understand is that I've hung up my guns. They've stayed hung up for nearly four years now . . . His voice rose then, with feeling. "And what's more, they're never to stay hung up."

That last had an emphasis on it that left no hope for argument.

Clint swung up into the saddle and rided the bay down the slope and out on to the road. He heard Ann call after him, but pretended not to and jogged the bay into a canter. Galloping hooves soon sounded behind him, however, and he drew rein, not wanting to make an assault out of his welcome.

Ann pounded up beside him a moment later, riding her laggy paint so sharply that he started in protest and reared back on his haunches. She demanded with a woman's quick run of feeling. "Just what do you mean by riding off on us like that?"

He shook his head, knowing that she wouldn't understand even if he explained, and made as if to ride on. But she reached out and caught his arm, restraining him.

"Why do you do it, Clint? I don't like you to walk out on your friends. There must be a reason." She turned closer to him as she said

this, and tilted her pale oval face up to catch the moonlight so that he could see the plea in her eyes.

He started to answer, then looked away. "You'd never understand," he said, faintly.

She studied him here for a long moment, trying to see past the shadows that veiled his expression, trying to get at his trend of thought—but failing.

"Well . . ." she said slowly, pitifully, and let her breath rush out in a long drawn-out sigh as a woman will when she finds she can't put her thoughts into words. Then she wheeled her pony away from him.

He got looking after her as she rode back to the others, her pale-blacked autumn hair trailing like a silver mane in the moonlight. His impulse was to call her back and tell her the whole thing, for his feelings toward this girl were strong, dating back to his first days in this country nearly four years ago. But then the stubbornness and the pride that were in him crowded back the urge, and he put spurs to the bay and lurched into a hard gallop.

All the way back to his own range he was angry—angry with himself for having been so one-way, angry with the others for trying to draw him out, angry with Ann because she had given him no reason to believe she would ever understand this thing that held him back.

It started him thinking, and once again the things that had made him come here and try to live a quiet, peaceful life shuttled through his mind.

First and foremost, there was the memory of that day in Dodge City. Dodge was still in the wild throes of a railroad boom town at the time. He had accidentally killed his best friend while trying to put a crimp in the plans of some would-be bank robbers. He had been jumpy that day; jumpy with excitement and jumpy with the need for spontaneous action that made him shoot first and ask questions afterward. And when he had spotted someone racing down the alleyway toward him he had whirled and snipped a shot.

The young words of Stu Wynn, his little, pale young friend who had come West from a ravaged Virginia after the war, had stuck with him. "But, Clint, I was a center to side you."

There had been other things too—things like having to sleep with a gun under his pillow, or like having to walk soft and easy like a cat whenever he went, always looking this way and that and knowing that death hid somewhere nearby in the ugly muzzle of a gun—but that one incident had decided him once and for all.



"No, I won't. But you go out for a coffee break and I'll finish it for you."

Since then, he had never packed a gun. Since then, he had become an easy-going backhills rancher who had completely thrown off the wild ways of a gunman.

And now, because the harmony of stock raising in this country was threatened, they wanted him to take up the gun-law ways he had tried for so long to forget. How could he expect Ann, a woman who had never known the violence of the other life, to understand? How could he make his friends see that it wasn't because he didn't want to help them? If he did give in, it would mean the loss of everything he had managed to shape up made himself during these last four years.

There remained only one solution he would have to use: Orde and try to reason with him.

So Clint forded the creek and quartered out across the lower meadows of his range, short-cutting toward the road that ran down to Orde's spread at the foot of the valley.

He had just ridden through a stand of pines when an unfamiliar sound came to him from somewhere far off in the night, and he pulled up to listen. Again it came. It was a kind of murmur that barely drifted through the cool sil-

ence of the night. This time he recognized it. It was the noise of sheep, a mass of joggling, bleating sheep being herded along at a pace they plainly resented. And they were being moved across his range. His dog sprang into the bay's plunging tank and galloped toward the sound.

He had reached the long rolling valley spread of his range before he saw them; a great herd that stretched out like a sea of tumbling wool backs to the moonlight. Several outriders with torches jogged back and forth at a safe distance on either side, and foot-holders watched their dogs in and out of the little socks, keeping them bunched and moving with the herd.

He wondered what had prompted Orde to make a night drive, but then remembered the sheepman's brag to have his sheep on the grass by tomorrow, and he thought, "Orde is a damned fool!"

He rode up to one of the herders and asked where Orde was. The herder, a swarthy-faced Tex, nodded his head toward the drag of the drive, and Clint loped back and found Orde jolting along in a buckboard.

"Orde," he said, trying not to show the temper that was rising

in him. "You're driving across my range. I don't recall having been asked."

Barwell Orde pulled rein and eased his long tough body forward on the seat. The arrogance in his voice was plain when he said: "Maybe I didn't see no need to ask."

It was all Clint could do to keep from slapping him across the mouth.

"Listen, Orde," he said, sugar-boring a cutting edge on the words. "I know you don't give a damn about the rest of us, but you're carrying things too far this time. Either you turn those sheep back off my range, or I will!"

"Trouble, Boss?"

The voice sounded behind Clint, soft and dangerous and mocking.

He hadn't heard anyone ride up but when he swung around he found himself looking into a hard pockmarked face that he rarely sized at once; the face of the notorious Jess Evans.

Jess' eyes burned into him from beneath bleached brows, and Clint could tell from his expression, revealed as the broad flare of light in an outdoor ward pool with flaming torch, that the man was remembering him and the last time they had met.

Clint remembered that time too; it had been less than a year ago and Clint had caught him rustling a drove of his yearlings up a cañon toward the high timber and had flat-whipped him, with a threat to hang him the next time. Jess had never tried again, but it was plain he still held a grudge, and held it hard.

"No trouble, Jess. Ranche just don't like the idea of us making the drive across his range."

Clint got the impression that Orde was laughing at him, and knew why a moment later when the other two Evans boys rode up. "Maybe he could learn it, him, Boss?" said Jess, making a suggestive gesture with his fist. "Shall we?"

Clint saw red at the downright mechanics of this man and made an instinctive grab for a gun that wasn't there.

Orde laughed outright this time. "Kesh, Jess, maybe you better. Ranche still thinks he's quite a gunman . . . He passed a moment, shaking with laughter. "Even though he don't tote a gun no more!"

Then, Orde picked up the reins, checked to the horse and rolled off with the buckboard, still laughing loudly.

Jess Evans snared his horse closer to Clint's and lashed out with his fist. The blow caught Clint on the rugged curve of his jawbone, jolting him on the saddle. He felt himself start to fall and gripped with his legs, but then the strength went out of them and he slid slowly off the frightened, plunging bay. His head hit the ground and a kind of thunder rolled through it — thunder, and bright streaks of fire, followed by numbness. Dimly, through the



"... I'm sure they're from Mr. Geyers. He's crazy about long stems!"

swirl that was a struggle for consciousness he heard Jess say, grudgingly: "This is a pleasure, Randoe. I been waiting for a crack at you!"

Then Clint shook his head clear and pushed up on his elbows in time to see Jess turn his roman-nosed nose in a wide half-circle to gather speed and come riding down on him.

Clint rolled, twisting violently aside, and one flying hoof barely grazed his leg as horse and rider went pounding past. He struggled to his feet and faced about the same instant that Jess whirled his horse to come at him again.

There was a moment in which four reds roared through

Clint's mind as the big roan thundered down on him, then he was throwing himself aside and lunging upward, his long arms tearing Jess from the saddle. They fell together and rolled in a fury of thrashing arms and legs.

Clint drove his fist down hard on the bridge of Jess' nose. Jess ceased a curse that was more an amiable howl of rage and pain. His two brothers came out of their saddles and dragged Clint off him, each wrenching at an arm.

They held his arms while Jess rose unsteadily to his feet and lurched toward him. He grabbed a fistful of Clint's cowboy vest, saying savagely "For that, Ran-

doe, I mean your face!"

Jess stopped back a little, made a fist and threw it at Clint's mouth with a swamp ball. From that shoulder Clint jerked his head quickly and the blow landed high on his cheekbone, smacking ecstatically.

The rest of the blows were just dull hammerings after that, and with each brutal impact he slipped lower and lower into unconsciousness.

The moon had wheeled far over before Clint began to come around. All he knew at first was the sensation that a horse was stamping on his head. But then the night wind touched his face with its cool-



"... am I sure it's a 500-bed hospital? Count 'em!"

now and he opened his eyes. He found himself lying with his back out in a clump of sprangy, sour-smelling bunchgrass.

Clint sat up slowly, the ache in his head a powerful, throbbing thing. He felt the bruised flesh of his face with his fingertips. It was sore and smarting strings of new pain made him flush.

Memory came flooding back to him then, and with it came a blinding anger.

He came up to his knees, steadying himself with outstretched hands, and let his eyes travel swiftly out over the valley spread. Nothing was revealed to him in the light of the fading moon, and he decided that by now Ordie was pushing his drive through the foothills toward the pass.

This set him to thinking again and he hunkered back down on the grass, fishing in his vest pocket for the makings. He ran a wet tongue along the edge of the paper, put the cigarette between his swollen lips, lit it and gave his mind free rein.

Clint knew that now he was in a position where he had to reach some decision—and reach it fast. He sucked smokes into his lungs with nervous drags as he turned

the night's happenings over in his mind.

The gaunt, desperate set of Scott's face when he had made his bid . . . the way Ann had turned her back on his stubbornness and ridden back to the others . . . the arrogance in Ordie's voice, and the mockery in his laughter . . . the savage killer-look in *Jess'* eyes as he tied his fate on him . . . All these things rode sharpshowered along the trail of his memory.

Ordie, Clint now realized, wanted to be top dog, and with the guns of the Evans boys to back any move he made he would keep right on crowding them until his sheep had the run of the valley. Really, he admitted to himself, his friends had been right.

It was tight back or leave. Clint knew that and accepted it, yet the decision he left him with was a hard one to make. If he left it would be running away—something no man with any pride or self-respect could do. Besides, his friends didn't stand a shadow of a chance against Ordie's gunshots if he stayed it would mean strapping on his guns.

His alternative presented itself. So, being a practical man, Clint made up his mind.

Now he knew what he had to do. Brimstone was swelling through him when he finally came to his feet and looked around for his horse. It was the bitterness that came to a man who has tried to change his ways, then finds that circumstances press him back into the same old mould.

He found the key grazing in a nearby corral. He mounted, and rode back across country to his ranch at a fast-trotting jog.

A plan was beginning to take definite shape in his mind, a plan that would beat Ordie at his own game. All he had to do was get the others into action. The rest would be just a question of fighting fire with fire, bluff with bluff. His plan called for a gunner, however. And that was a role only he himself could play.

When he got back to his low weather-grayed frame ranchhouse he stopped only long enough to clean his guns and strap them on. However, before riding on he took time to thought the holders to his thighs and slip leather in a few practice drives.

Before the moon was down he was questioning through the shade of poles of the Patterson's Twin P Ranch gates. He ruined the way in sharply before their long rolled porch, and called, "Scott!" Then he came out of the saddle with an easy leg-swing and took the three steps in a stride and rapped on the door.

"Scott!" he called again. "It's me, Clint."

Ann's sleep-eyed face appeared briefly at the window, framed in the light of a night-bell lantern, and Scott pulled open the door to peer out at his unexpected caller. The sleep-released look on his face became a look of surprise and shock when he saw Clint's bruised face.

Clint! What happened?"

His raggeder eyes, trained by the life he lived to notice every detail, went down the resolute hardness of that flat-cut face to the lowering gaze that hung at Clint's eyes, and he knew at once what had taken place.

"To need some shells, Scott. Mine have corroded." Clint's deep voice betrayed but little of the bitterness that was in him.

Ann came out then, clutching her robe about her slender girlish form. She didn't say anything but the look in her eyes and the way she caught her breath spoke for her.

"Come in, Clint," she said after a moment. "I'll fetch you up."

"There isn't time, Ann," he said, thanking her with his eyes, and turned back to Scott. "Get some clothes on, Scott. We've got to round up the others. I'll saddle up for you."

He stripped off the porch, trying to manage a gun for Ann through his cut lips. Then he walked quickly across the yard to the corral to get Scott's horse.

While he saddled up Scott's big dun he was thinking "Ordie should make the pass by sun up

(Continued on page 62)

# The Adventures of DEVIL



STORY  
BY  
R. CARSON GOLD.

# DOONE

THIS MONTH:

## THE TROUBLE MAKERS

IN THE HILLS OF INDIA'S NORTH-WEST FRONTIER, DEVIL JIM DOONE AND DESERT-HEAD DAWSON CONCLUDE A BUSINESS TRIP WITH A VISIT TO AN OLD FRIEND, GHULAB SINGH.....

GOSH, DEV. SEE HOW THE MEN IN THE LAST VILLAGE LOOKED AT US!... LIKE WE'D COME TO RE-POSSESS THE FAMILY MANGLE OR SOMETHIN'!



YES, SOMETHING'S WRONG IN THESE HILLS. D.H.----I HOPE OLD GHULAB'S PLEASED TO SEE US, ANYWAY!

IN GHULAB SINGH'S VILLAGE--

ALLAH IS INDEED MERCIFUL. SHAITAN SAHS, TO LET MY EYES ONCE MORE BEHOLD MY OLD FRIENDS! YOU ARE THREE WELCOME!

AND IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, OLD SINNER!



GHULAB, I SMELL UNREST IN THE HILLS. WHAT IS THE TROUBLE?



SHAITAN SAHS, WELL MAY YOU ASK, YOU HAVE COME TO US AT A BAD TIME. THERE IS TALK OF A JEHAD! ----A HOLY WAR--!

EVL MEN FROM ANOTHER LAND GO AMONG THE HILL-MEN, INFLAMING THEM AGAINST THE FOREIGNER. THEY SPEAK OF A NEW ORDER FOR THE COMMON MAN! TOMORROW I TAKE YOU WHERE YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF!



A NEW ORDER FOR THE COMMON MAN, EH? DOESN'T THAT SOUND SOMEWHAT FAMILIAR, D.H.?



IT'S THE SAME OLD BOSS WITH A NEW JOCKEY, DEV... AN' THEY GO FOR IT EVERY TIME!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

SAHIBS, WE MUST GO ON FOOT, AND IT IS WELL THAT YOU WEAR THESE NATIVE CLOTHES...

WELL, I MIGHTER KNOW I'D END UP LIKE MOTHER HUBBARD!

WE GO TO A NEARBY VILLAGE, MY FRIENDS. IT IS NOT FAR.

JUST AS WELL! THESE TOGS ARE SENSIBLE! WE HATS WITHOUT ANY POCKETS, DEW!

AT THE VILLAGE...

THE FOREIGNERS MUST BE PUT TO THE KNIFE! IN OUR NEW ORDER, WE WILL TAKE FROM THE RICH AND GIVE TO THE POOR, BUT THE FOREIGNERS TAKE ONLY FROM THE POOR!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, GHULAB! HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON?

WEEKS NOW, SAHIB! THE HILL FOLK ARE POOR, AND WORDS LIKE THESE FIND EAGER EARS. SOON, BLOOD WILL FLOW!

NO BLOOD WILL FLOW IF THESE TROUBLE-MAKERS ARE STOPPED, GHULAB! DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY CAMP?

IT IS MY DUTY AS HEADMAN TO KNOW, SHAITAN SAHIB! IT IS A LONG WAY, BUT I CAN TAKE YOU THERE!

IT IS WELL! AT YOUR VILLAGE, GHULAB, WE'LL PICK UP MY JEEP. I HAVE SEEN THE EVIL WORKINGS OF THESE MEN IN OTHER COUNTRIES... NO TIME MUST BE LOST!

AN HOUR LATER, THE THREE MEN ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE AGITATORS' BASE.

WE GO TO A PLACE CALLED THE VALLEY OF STONES, SHAITAN SAHIB—

WHAT! THEN WHAT THE BLAZES D'YOU CALL THIS PLACE, DEV. I SWEAR YOU MISSED A BUMP BACK THERE!

NEEDS MUST WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES, WUL! WE'LL HIT IT ON THE WAY BACK!

FIVE HOURS LATER...

ONLY FROM HERE CAN WE SEE INTO THE VALLEY, SAHIBS... AND THERE ARE THE TENTS OF THE SPREADERS OF LIES—!

GOOD WORK, GHULAB! TONIGHT I'LL SLIP DOWN AND SCOUT THE CAMP. IT'S BEST I GO ALONE!

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE MOONLESS NIGHT, DEVIL APPROACHES THE CAMP...

ONE SENTRY WITH BURT GUN... COMING THIS WAY!

SLEEPY-BYES, COMRADE!

WURK!



IN THE NEAREST TENT...

SO, CHUN LAL YOU COME TO REPORT, HAS ALL GONE WELL?

YES, CAPTAIN SAHIB. WE HAVE HAD MEETINGS IN THE VILLAGES TODAY. THE HEADMEN HAVE AGREED TO WAIT FOR GUNS... AND THE WORD TO MOVE—!



THEY SHALL HAVE THE GUNS. CHUN LAL, ON THE WORD OF CAPTAIN SU! VERY SOON NOW THE FRONTIER WILL FLAME WITH WAR—!

THAT BROTHER SU IS WHAT YOU THINK!



QUICKLY DEVIL REJOINS THE OTHERS...

GHULAB, YOUR VILLAGE IS THE ONLY ONE NOT HOODWINKED BY THESE TROUBLE-MAKERS. WOULD YOUR MEN FIGHT TO DEFEAT THEM?

YES, SHAITAN SAHIB, PROUDLY! WE WILL GO BACK AT DAWN!



AS DEVIL AND HIS FRIENDS MAKE NIGHT CAMP, SHADOWNY FIGURES MOVE SILENTLY IN THE ROCKS AROUND THEM... KEEN EYES WATCH THEIR EVERY MOVE!



GRIPES, TH' SOONER WE PICK UP THOSE BUCKLES OF GHULAB'S THE BETTER! MUCH MORE OF THESE FORTUNE-TELLIN' TOGS AN' I'LL BE ABLE TO READ TH' FUTURE!

BETTER TRY IT NOW, PAL! WE'VE GOT CALLERS—!



MOVE AND YOU WILL BE SHOT! YOU ARE SURROUNDED!

DODDEN'S OF 'EM! GUESS WE GO QUIETLY, S.H.?

THAT'S FOR SURE, DEV!



MY MASTERS HAVE ORDERED ME TO TAKE TO THEM ALL PEOPLE ROUND NEAR THE VALLEY OF STONES! YOU WILL COME WITH US, YOU WILL NOT RESIST!



AS THEY ARE ESCORTED DOWN TO THE VALLEY...

DEV, THEY DIDN'T GET GHULAB! HE MUSTA BEAT IT INTO TH' ROCKS!

SSAH! I DON'T THINK THEY SAW HIM, HE'S OUR MAIN CHANCE—!



WHITE MEN! SPIES, SO! THEN TOMORROW THE HILL-MEN SEE THE FIRST FOREIGNERS DIE!

IN MY COUNTRY, SU WE HAVE A SAYING ABOUT NOT COUNTING CHICKENS!



I HAVE ONLY A SMALL DETACHMENT OF MY OWN TROOPS HERE, DOGS, BUT YOUR EXECUTION WILL PROVE OUR POWER! TAKE THEM TO THE STABLES!

DEVIL AND DESERT-HEAD, BOUND TO STAKES, FACE A GRIM...AND SHORT... FUTURE!

AND NOW WHAT, YOU LITTLE DRIP?

IN MORNING CAPTAIN 'SU' ORDER VILLAGE HEADMEN TO COME. YOU WILL THEN DIE BY KUKRI... MOST UNPLEASANT!

EVEN AS THE SENTRY SPEAKS, A KUKRI, DEADLY BLADE OF THE WILLIMIN, COMES WHIRLING OUT OF THE DARKNESS--

ARRH!

THE RETURN OF GHULAB SINGH... WITH A VENGEANCE!

MY ARM HAS NOT LOST ITS CUNNING, SHANTAN SARKI! A MOMENT WHILE I CUT THESE MONKS--

ATTABOI, GHULAB, BUT MAKE IT FAST! THIS PARTY'S JUST STARTING!

STARTLED BY THE SENTRY'S DEATH-YELL, THE REST OF THE DETACHMENT CAME RUNNING FROM THEIR TENTS--

THE WHITE FOREIGNERS!

THEY'RE FREE! THE PIGS ARE FREE--!

SHOOT THEM DOWN!

BUT DEVIL SCOOPS UP THE FALLEN SENTRY'S BULP-GUN!

IT'S YOU OR ME, SOLDIER-BOYS, AND IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ME!

AS DEVIL SOWS DEATH AMONG HIS MEN, SU RINS TO WHERE, A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, A MACHINE-GUN IS MOUNTED, CURSING FRANTICALLY. HE STRUGGLES TO READY THE HEAVY WEAPON...

DEV, IF SU GETS SHOT CHOPPER GONK, WE'RE GRABBY! C'D YOU NAIL HIM FROM HERE WITH THE BULP?

WUNDE-- IF DAT BLASTED THING HADN'T JUMMED!

DESPERATELY, DEVIL SPRINTS OVER THE INTERVENING DISTANCE... THEN... SU BRINGS THE MACHINE-GUN TO BEAR---

--AND THAT'S FOR WHAT'S YOU MIGHT HAVE DONE, YOU KUFFED-UP THERR!

SU, YOUR MEN ARE EITHER DEAD OR LEGGING SO FAST UP THE VALLEY THEY'RE TREADING ON THEIR SHADOWS... SO YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, LADDIE! D'YOU SURRENDER?

I... SURRENDER! WHO... IN THE NAME OF THE... ARE YOU?

DEVIL DOONE'S THE NAME, SU, AND I'M HUNNING YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!

DEVIL... DOONE, SO? YES... WE HAVE BOSSER ON AUSTRALIAN OF THAT RING-- BUT I DO NOT CARE ANY MORE IN MY MISSION I HAVE FALER, AND SO CANNOT RETURN TO MY COUNTRY... I DO NOT CARE ANY MORE ABOUT... ANYTHING!

YOU DON'T? THEN YOU WON'T MIND ME BORROWIN' THIS PAIR O' GENUINE, TWO-LEGGED PANTS I RATTED OUTTA YOUR TENT, HUH? I'M PLUMB SICK O' RIGHT-SHIRTS!



# Do You Laugh Your Greatest Powers Away?

## THOSE STRANGE INNER URGES

You have heard the phrase, "Laugh, clown, laugh." Well, that fits me perfectly. I'd fret, worry and try to reason my way out of difficulties — all to no avail; then I'd have a hunch, a something within that would tell me to do a certain thing. I'd laugh it off with a shrug. I knew too much, I thought, to heed these impressions. Well, it's different now—I've learned to use this inner power and I no longer make the mistakes I did, because I do the right thing at the right time.

## This FREE BOOK Will Prove What Your Mind Can Do!

Here is how I got started right. I had heard about hypnosis revealing past lives. I began to think there must be some inner intelligence with which we were born. In fact, I often heard it said there was; but how could I use it, how could I make it work for me daily? That was my problem. I wanted to learn to direct this inner voice, master it if I could. Finally, I wrote to the Rosicrucians, a world-wide frat-



ernity of progressive men and women, who offered to send me, without obligation, a free book entitled *The Mastery of Life*.

That book opened a new world to me. I advise you to write today and ask for your copy. *It will prove to you* what your mind can demonstrate. Don't go through life laughing your mental powers away. Use the coupon below or write: Scribe EOX

### —USE THIS GIFT COUPON—

SCRIBE EOX,  
The Rosicrucians (AMORC)  
Box 3988, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia.

Please send free copy of *The Mastery of Life*,  
which I shall read as directed.

Name

Address

City  State

**The ROSICRUCIANS** Box 3988, G.P.O. (AMORC), Sydney, Australia

## DEAD FOOL

(Continued from page 7)

"Now that's where you came in."

She said nothing for a while, looking at him with those dark blue eyes. And he studied these sisters. Martha was the beautiful one, but he had been warned. Marie was alive, warm and tender, dangerous. Their old man had done a wonderful job of wackling them.

"A man like you shouldn't get short of money. It's a crazy world," Martha said, "but to show you where I came in—Marie, what did you tell me tonight?"

Marie rubbed her face against the cabin, and whispered, "I killed a man last night."

Martha said, "I know she sometimes went to the yacht at night, so I went down to the bay, intending to row out, but the drifby was not there. What drew it all recent? How did she come ashore?"

He went over to Marie and lifted her arm. "What is it?" he asked gently. "Honey?" She noticed Martha said, "No!"

Jeff examined Marie's arm. The signs said that she was just a beginner. He said, "This is her escape, man hatred's years. Her cure will be the cancer else, undoubtedly. I don't think she killed anyone."

"Oh, we're a lovely family," Martha said. "My father hates us. Marie hates me. I hate being alive. But I love my sister. I won't do anything to get her out of this man." She looked at Jeff. "Anything."

"All right, let's leave it at that. We'll clear this killing business first. I don't think she killed a man, and I hope to prove it."

"He came from the sea, and I shot him with Father's gun," Marie whispered to the cabin.

Jeff said, "Suppose that she gets the drug through Aunt, delivered to the yacht. Last night someone came back when she was high, and acted out a melodrama. She thought she shot someone. Tonight, I was to be the independent witness who'd dance for Aunt when ordered. The scholar who could front you and say he'd recovered the gun."

"Why me? Why not Father?" "Because you're a soft touch and control a good deal of his money?" Jeff guessed, and saw that it was a good guess.

She said, "It has to pass to someone, even though I'm not a man."

Jeff sat on the arm of the chair and took Marie's hand. "This man you killed—was he a big one with black hair and a scar across his cheek?"

Marie whispered, "I don't know. He looked like you."

"I think I can show him to her alive," Jeff told Martha. He had the set-up worked out now, and it had been a good one. With a fake murder, Aunt would have taken these poor little fish girls for more money than you could count.

"We'll go to Aunt's," Jeff said. He heard driving in that wonderful car. He lifted the carefully ex-

pect way Martha handled it. Liked the prospect of owning Chris. Marie's daughter and a good bank of the money the old fox had swindled and connived to accumulate. And because he was such a heel, he also thought that it would be pleasant to have Marie for a relative.

Martha had said "Anything," and that meant "Everything" in Jeff's book.

He thought Aunt would have used one of his wacklers for the job. If Marie was remembering correctly and the man looked anything like Jeff, it must be Rooney. So it was Rooney he asked for at the door.

"You!" Rooney said, and lifted his hands.

Jeff showed him the business end of the gun.

They went down to the car. Jeff said, "Get in." He switched on the inside lights and asked Marie, "Is this the one?"

"Yes," she whispered.

Rooney said, "I never seen her before in my life."

"Shut up," Jeff said. "You can get out now. Go tell Aunt I didn't work, it failed."

Martha started the car, and Jeff leaned back in his seat, very pleased with himself. Behind them, Marie said, "I think that was the man. It kept going bang, and then he fell down. Someone came in and took him away. There was blood on the carpet and I couldn't clean it so I clipped it off."

"No," Jeff told her. "No, honey, that was just a bad dream."

Martha turned to him, still worried. She said, "You don't think it possible that she—I mean, was she sure of that man back there?"

Jeff smiled. "Aunt saw a won-derful chance to make some fast cash. They were probably scared to bring her the drug. Rooney played the muck, and Aunt handed her the gun. In the state she was in, it would have been simple enough to fake. You can see that."

Martha said nothing, maybe turning it over in her mind. Jeff let her explore the future, which looked good to him. He thought he'd take Chris Marie's daughter abroad. A year in Vienna—with a good psychiatrist. Away from this city and their old man there might be a chance for them. In the end, old Chris might even see that he could have a son in Jeff.

Jeff knew he'd been born to live. But when they were home again, and in Martha's study, with Marie's check against the table, it was as though they had never gone out. Rooney, Martha said. "No, I don't like it at all. She wasn't sure that was the man, back there. She said it was, but then she said 'I think,' and even that he looked like you."

Jeff smiled, let her talk it out. "And what about the gun," she said. "She told us she fired it again and again, and it all sounded too real."

"It was, up to a point."

Jeff took the gun from his pocket and tested it on Marie's lap. She

looked down, her hand touched the bat. "You didn't shoot anyone, Marie, and I'll show you why."

He waited a moment, letting Marie get the feel of the gun. Then he would turn and threaten her, and she would fire but that would be all right. Because in his lawyer's mind, he had built this case, figured out just what Aunt had done.

There had been a half-emptied automatic in the yacht cabin, and no bullet marks on the walls. He said no gun had been fired in there, or all of the bullets were supposed to have gone into Rooney who had fallen to the carpet and "died."

The bullet is clamped in a shell, which has a percussion cap and a charge; but this combination can be detected if you are an expert, so that it would take a hard-headed girl in a dim cabin, Aunt, working on the set-up, could even have had the bullets hollowed out to a firm shell, so that nothing in the clip would be lethal to Rooney.

Jeff was going to explain all this to Martha when he had proved it as the most dramatic and impressive way. Martha had a good mind, and would see the brilliance of the logic that had saved the Martons from Aunt.

He did not consider for one moment that his insight might be foolish thinking — that perhaps Marie had killed a man, without intention, in the state she was in, just what he had looked like or how it had happened or what had taken place after.

Because that would have meant an end to Jeff's big plans.

So in all evidence innocence he swung around and came at Marie now, shouting, "I'm gonna get you!"

She jumped back in the chair and lifted the gun and fired.

Then Jeff was kneeling and falling a little further towards the door, and Martha was screaming, and Marie was laughing as she fired another shot into another of this world's fools who had passed wrong.

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## THE DOCTOR KNEW HIS POISON

(Continued from page 22)

A trip to the surrogate's office and a look at the deceased woman's will confirmed what Gus Backus had said. Mrs. Buchanan had left £2,500 in cash, stocks and bonds worth £20,000, and jewellery valued at £2,500. The will had been filed but not yet admitted to probate. Robert W. Buchanan was sole heir to the estate. The document was dated just a few days prior to the Buchanan-Sutherland marriage. Prior Tatum and Macomber had witnessed it.

Reporter White, who had made quite a name for himself around town, set out for Greenwich Village. Furthest ranging of the doorbell at 267 West 11th Street brought no response. White went next door and talked with a neighbour who said the doctor hadn't

been home since a few days after the funeral. "Why don't you go over on Bank Street and talk with Dr. McIntyre?" the neighbour suggested. "He can tell you anything you want to know about Dr. Buchanan." White thanked her and headed for Bank Street.

Upon being questioned, Dr. McIntyre admitted he had signed the death certificate and stated that the reporter's suspicions were entirely unfounded. White told him about Gus Backus' suspicions and briefed him on the dead woman's Newark background, the will and the £25,000 she had left to the doctor. Dr. McIntyre was surprised, but asserted his diagnosis had been correct. "Dr. Watson was there with me," he said. "It's highly improbable that both of us were wrong."

White, who had been assigned to the Carlyle Harris case while it held forth on the front pages,

ventured a rather pertinent question. "Doctor," he asked, "is it possible that this woman might have been poisoned?"

The doctor smiled. "The symptoms of apoplexy and the symptoms of morphine poisoning are a great deal alike," he said, "but there is one great difference. In morphine poisoning the pupils of the dead person's eyes are always contracted. That's not the case with apoplexy. I had been treating Mrs. Buchanan for some days before her death, and some of the medicine I prescribed contained morphine. When she took a turn for the worse, I thought perhaps she had taken an overdose of this medicine either by design or accident. I examined her eyes. The pupils were not contracted. Dr. Watson examined them, too. Both of us agreed that Mrs. Buchanan's death was due to apoplexy, the result of cerebral haemorrhage."

Reporter White thanked the doctor for giving him so much time and left. It was getting on toward evening, and the newsmen's natural instinct for such places took him to Macomber's saloon. He had something to eat and a few drinks, all the time keeping alert for some mention of Dr. Buchanan's name. It wasn't until Peter Tatum showed up around eight o'clock that White's patience was rewarded.

The White had become one of the gang by then, and since he had been careful to conceal the fact that he was a reporter, no body became suspicious when he asked to hear more about this colorful little character whose wife had just died and left him £25,000 richer, Tatum talked. Macomber talked. Everybody who had ever seen Robert Buchanan, M.D., in the saloon talked. They didn't leave much out, and it's entirely possible they added a few imaginary attributes to the little man. By closing time, White could have written Buchanan's obituary then and there.

The only one who didn't have much to say was Dick Macomber.

The Macomber habitues believed Buchanan had returned to Nova Scotia to re-marry his first wife. The White contacted the authorities in Windsor, Nova Scotia, and found out that Dr. Buchanan had returned home and had indeed re-married Helen Patterson. Further more, they were on their way back to New York.

The reporter made Macomber's his nightly hangout. Finally, Dr. Buchanan showed up in person. He wasn't the happy background the boys had expected to see. He was drinking more than ever, and something was obviously hanging heavy on his mind. One night, when neither White nor any of the "regulars" were around, the little doctor confided in Dick Macomber. "Dr. warned," he said. "I've learned that somebody's been talking to the coroner about Anne. Maybe they're going to dig up her body."

Macomber tried to brush him off. "So let them," he said. "You

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## OPEN SEASON ON SHUFFLERS

<sup>a</sup>Condensed from page 52.

"We'll have to be there before  
there."

Scott rushed out in a few minutes, shouldering trip his leather jacket. He tossed Clint a box of shells, and strapped his cartridge scabbard on to the flying wife. Clint dropped shells into the chambers of his guns. Then they went up into their saddles and rode off together into the night.

They woke Lew McCleary at his Rainsboro R. Hotel and told him to meet them at the rendezvous in an hour; then went after Ernie Parsons and Ross Cutler.

The dawn's first light was beginning to colour the clouds on the eastern horizon when they met on the slope and discussed Clint's plan of action. They were all in accord with him except on one point, and on that Scott expressed their idea by saying: "You're letting off too big a chunk of this yourself, Clint. One of us better take some down there."

Clint shook his head and said, "No, Scott. This is the only way."

The blissing sound of sheep came suddenly on the rising breeze. Order's flocks weren't in sight yet but earth men found cover and huddled down, and the beds of four rifles clack-clacked one after the other as they made ready.

Clint waited until the sound of the approaching flock rolled nearer, then slid his bay down-slope. On the way down he dropped his throw-ropes near an uprooted stump, the bay's forward pull jerking it free, and dragged it along behind him. It made a deep furrow in the hard-packed earth as he towed it across the mouth of the pass.

Swissair that this earth-scratch could be seen by those hidden in

the slope, he shook the rope free, made a tight coil of it, hung it back on the rigging and put the key in the middle of the pass. Then he kicked his feet free of the stirrups and let his big body go slack in the saddle, Indian-fashion and waited.

A few minutes later the first of the sheep pushed around the bend, led by a shaggy blackcoated ram whose blating was a trumpet over the sound of the rest. Then a rider pelted forward to out-sign on the country ahead, and even at that distance Chari recognized the slope-shouldered leanness of Jim Boyce.

A thought made him pull his guns and spin their chambers checking them. He was surprised at this doing this because he had loaded them with care only a little over an hour ago. But he realized at once that it was a habit he had learned long ago. A bitter, almost cynical smile moved his lips as he thought about that: four years hadn't changed anything.

He holstered them but left his hands lying flat on his thighs, only a draw away from the gun belts.

A shout went up as Jose finally caught sight of him, and Chris saw him wheel his room around and race back along the drive for the others.

"Here it comes now," thought Clint, and reached forward for the onslaught.

When Jess again rode into night he had Orde and his two brothers with him. Orde, who noticed at once, had apparently borrowed a horse from one of the outsiders, leaving him to bring on the backboard. They galloped toward him in a knot, their threats and shouts and wild laughter ringing through the eerie darkness.

Clint never took his eyes from there, but he saw, too, that the harders were still prodding the flocks forward in the regular

The riders showed their hearts when they got within gun-range of Clint and turned out so as not to make a mess (about).

"Look-a-thera," Orde said to his men, the mocking tone of his voice carrying to Chiv. "Rando's parkin' his axes this time. Reckon he'll be needin' more'n them if he aims to take us alive, huh?"

Then he raised his voice for Clint. "You gaffer to stop us all by your big handsome self, Barney!"

Jeze laughed, joyously, and they all rushed in a few yards from him, forming a rough half-circle, with Jeze nearest and the others a little behind and to the right. Plainly, Jeze was the one who was to take him.

That's careful gaze shifted from man to man, noticing that their glasses were off and that each hand touched a gun butt. Then he purposely took his eyes from them and watched the first broke two more and again.

Which Clint saw that the big  
man, their natural leader, was but  
a few yards away he turned to  
Orde and said, coldly, "See this  
line, Orde?" Any of your woolies  
that cross it will be million  
chairs."

His voice was low but it had a bite to it that emphasized the meaning of those words, and the muscles along his square jaw stood out in hard little knots. There was something uncompromising, perhaps even challenging, in the way his dark eyes returned to the compromised statue.

"A bluff," said Gird, has meant still nothing but plainly un-

He reined his horse over toward the big black-roofed barn and the hags of his throwrope flicked at the corral's rail.

The rain blasted an annoyed blond and lunged forward, crossing the line with his head down.

Four rifles cracked almost at once, shattering their stoic reports through that instant of strained stillness. The rain staggered under the impact of the shots, then took a few more steps forward before his forelegs gave under him and he slumped into the dust. His legs kicked once or twice but before the echoes of the shots were through booming back and forth across the wide valley he lay still.

There followed several nerve-twisting seconds in which each man, knowing that this was the showdown, debated in his own mind what his move would be. Then Code said, "Joss" and a nervous laugh came out of Joss' throat as he went for his gun.

It was all instinct with Clint—an instinct born of long hours of practice and longer moments of experience—and seeing the killer look come into Jans' pale eyes he whipped up his right-hand gun, chambered back the hammer and squeezed off a shot: all in one skilled flash of handiworkment.

Then, even as he felt the recoil  
of his shot, he was fighting the

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# POKER MACHINES—

## A test of character

By E. J. FENTON

*The controversial "one-arm bandit" should not receive the condemnation that has been heaped at it, says the author. It can be a great help in a builder and gauge of willpower and character.*

It grieves me a bit that with all the yack about the evils of the poker machine no one has seen fit to mention the good that can come out of one.

By "good" I'm not referring exclusively to the shower of coins that occasionally pours out. I'm also not excluding that occasional shower. I have in mind particularly the value of the poker machine as a character tester.

Before I go any further I'd better discuss the poker machine and its history for the benefit of those who don't belong to any private club. The idea of the poker machine is credited to Leon-ardo Da Vinci — along with everything else. His heretofore unpublished papers were discovered under a two-arm machine in Florence recently. It is believed that the papers have lain there for two hundred years; this belief is strengthened by the fact that a coin dated 1756 was found under the papers. The intriguing part of it all is that the building wasn't erected until 1916. One of those mysteries that will never be solved, probably.

Da Vinci's machine differed a great deal from the present day version. In fact, there's a school of thought that says it isn't a description of a poker machine at all, but the inner workings of a flying saucer. Da Vinci's machine was about seven feet tall, with a long chain attached where you now have merely a handle. The player deposited his coin, picked up the chain and ran about 500 yards with it.

In the machine were three drums which revolved—each with about twenty cages full of assorted animals on its perimeter. As in the modern machine, there were three windows at the front. If, when the wheels stopped rotating, animals of the same species appeared in the windows the player won. The odds were against the player. Where do you think Da Vinci got the money he threw

away on all those experiments? It is said that some unscrupulous operators used 60 different animals. This is hard to believe!

To get back to the present, I am now sitting in one of the city's many private clubs. The walls are lined with slippers, shufflers, and two shilling benches. As I sit here watching the females feverishly feeding the hungry monsters a warm glow of pride washes over me. I was once an addict. Every week more and more of my pay was allocated to the satisfying of this ceaseless craving. First, it was the slippery machine, then I graduated to the shilling machines. It was when I got to the two shilling machines that I started to dig into my life savings. I began to lose weight; my work suffered. One day the boss called my into his office, his words were, "Fenton, your work's suffering." It was then that I knew my work was suffering! I resolved to do something about it. I felt it was a test of character. I knew if I really made up my mind to give them up for good I could do it.

I am now sitting in the club testing my character. I've got it beaten now. I look with disdain upon those weaklings throwing away their rent money, the lady's milk money. I'm watching one of the weaklings now. He's put two pounds in the two shilling machine without one payoff. He's going up to the counter now. He's counting in a pound for ten more dollars. He hurries back to the machine so though afraid it might run away. Three more coins and still no payoff! It should hit soon. Oh, he just missed three quaters there. Shouldn't be here now. Two more coins—again just missed a jackpot. There goes his last coin, hope, it still hasn't paid off. Here it is. Oh, he's leaving the club, and the machine's all primed. Because this 1-sh. need some change, must hurry before someone else gets it. Really overdone; you know a man can't afford to pass up a . . .

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## NOTES

If you think all the untouchables live in India, try to borrow \$10 from the people you know.

Four and twenty geese pack  
ing twenty geese  
When the tale is finished, the  
blood is ankle-deep.

Lots of fellows who talk like big wheels turn out to be merely windmills.



Calculus

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